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EDITORIAL

THE VERDICT ON LEBANON

There is a standard operating procedure for governments whose crimes and blunders cannot be covered up any longer: appoint a tribunal, find a guilty scapegoat and say, "See, the system works." By this rather smug logic, the My Lai massacre proved the impartiality of American military justice, and the killings at the refugee camps in Beirut demonstrated that Israel is the only democracy in the Middle East.

Whatever the Begin government's response to it, the Israeli judicial inquiry into the massacre of Palestinian civilians in Lebanon was a credit to Israeli democracy. But it was even more of a credit to Begin's opposition—to the 400,000 demonstrators who filled the streets of Tel Aviv, and to the American Jews who braved loutish charges of anti-Semitism to add their voices to the finally irresistible demand for public justice. We can only hope that the Palestine National Council, when it meets in Algiers this week, will demonstrate the sincerity of its proclaimed admiration for the Israeli doves. If it truly wants to help them, it will heed the Palestinians who criticize the P.L.O.'s reliance on violence.

The Reagan Administration should draw no applause from the inquiry. Let it never be forgotten that special envoy Philip Habib's personal guarantee of the safety of Palestinian civilians in Beirut enabled him to score his "personal triumph" of the P.L.O.'s withdrawal. Nor can the United States evade its responsibility as silent partner in Ariel Sharon's war by now disowning him because he went too far.

Complicity in a wrong always returns to haunt us—as it has in the spate of allegations that ex-Nazi Klaus Barbie, the Lyons sadist, made a smooth transition from the Gestapo to a civilian job with American intelligence. The disgusting figure of Barbie is a living reminder of where indulgence of anti-Communism at any price leads.

MICHAEL STRAIGHT
Christopher Hitchens

DRAFT RESISTANCE
David Corn
Elizabeth Poe Kerby

SWEDISH WAGE-EARNER FUNDS
Frances Moore Lappé

MAYORAL RACES
Lenora E. Berson
David Moberg

ISAK DINESEN
Phyllis Rose

LATIN REAGANOMICS

THE CHICAGO BOYS FLUNK OUT IN CHILE

JAMES PETRAS

Nineteen eighty-two was a catastrophic year for the Chilean economy. The country's largest financial institutions were on the brink of collapse and industry and construction slipped into a major depression. In large measure, this crisis was caused by the policies of the "Chicago Boys," the Chilean disciples of University of Chicago economists Milton Friedman and Arnold Harberger. Since 1972, when Gen. Augusto Pinochet came to power, these conservative ideologues have run Chile's economic ministry as a kind of free-enterprise laboratory, unchallenged by critics or political opposition. Now the results are in: the Chilean experiment has been a failure.

All the year-end economic indicators were down. There was a 13 percent decline in the gross national product and a 17 percent drop in industrial production. The official rate of unemployment stood at 19.4 percent; consumer prices were rising at a monthly rate of 4 percent. In the first half of the year there was also a rush to buy dollars—$1.3 billion worth—reflecting investors' loss of confidence in the economy. The year also saw a record number of bankruptcies; a rise in bad debt, which threatens the solvency of every large bank; a budget deficit that was 33 percent higher than originally estimated; massive foreign debts; and a spreading blight of farm failures.

The Chicago Boys have succeeded in alienating nearly every important Chilean trade, labor and agricultural group. A fever of defiance, protest and strikes has wracked the country, leaving a malaise that permeates every area of society,

(*Continued on Page 210*)

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LETTERS.

DISARMAMENT AND ABORTION

Indianapolis

Marcus Raskin's fine overview of the Catholic bishops' pastoral letter gives that important document the credit it so justly deserves ["War, Peace and the Bishops," *The Nation*, Jan. 29]. His suggestion that the bishops "relate their opposition to nuclear war to the church's position on abortion," however, is precisely the kind of advice that the disarmament movement can do without.

In the first place, many Catholics *have* been acting on such advice for some time, arguing that the "mass abortion" of nuclear war (a most unfortunate choice of words) and the personal decision of a family or an individual to abort a fetus are both equally immoral. To many this position may seem more consistent than the stand of conservative members of the clergy who preach a nuclear weapons buildup while railing against the sinfulness of abortion. But the two issues need to be kept separate. The Catholic Church *ought* to argue that the prevention of nuclear war is a moral act; it requires collective action to change state policy. Abortion, on the other hand, is an agonizing individual (or familial) moral act over which the state should have no say whatsoever.

Raskin's comments on the linkage of these two issues may have been less prescriptive than predictive. Nonetheless, the argument strikes me as highly opportunistic and ultimately dangerous. Nuclear disarmament can and should be argued on its own merits: it needs no help from those who seek to make the state the moral custodian of a family's virtue.

Harold Karabell

'HARIJANS' AND 'HOLY FOOLS'

Washington, D.C.

I knew that David McReynolds was a holy fool, but until I read his letter [*The Nation*, Feb. 5], I hadn't fully appreciated the extent of the rot. He can't tell the difference between:

(1) my criticism of Gandhi and Falwell's denunciations of Martin Luther King;

(2) an attack on Gandhi and an attack on Lenin;

(3) the style of *Time* and the style of the "chic left."

It's hopeless to try to reason with somebody who believes that my challenge to Gandhi-worship is logically equivalent to blaming the Jews for anti-Semitism. But in case anyone else is interested, let me give an instance of the relationship between Gandhi's principles and the present backwardness of India. (It's not mentioned in the bland and lenient film now going the rounds so McReynolds won't have heard of it.)

The millions of untouchables condemned and victimized by the caste system in India were extremely untouched by Gandhi's "crusade," which accepted Hindu religiosity as a given and was financed by Hindu magnates. But to this day the untouchables are known as *Harijans* (children of God), a consoling title conferred on their misery by Gandhi himself. You have to be as gullible as McReynolds not to see that such euphemism was a hypocritical pretext for continued fatalism and for the exploitation that went (and goes) with it. But I've often noticed that people who believe in God will believe in anything.

Christopher Hitchens

JUDGE SCALIA'S POSITION

Silver Spring, Md.

James Goodman's frightening piece on Reagan's U.S. Circuit Court appointments ["Circuit Breaker," *The Nation*, Jan. 1-8] could have added that Antonin Scalia of the important Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia has long been a strong opponent of the Supreme Court's rulings against tax exemptions for church-operated private schools. His appointment is just more proof that the Great Communicator is intent on transferring wealth and the benefit of government services from the poor to the affluent, and on rendering the Bill of Rights inoperative.

Edd Doerr
Executive Director
The Voice of Reason

'ISSERMANISM' ARRIVES

Haverford, Pa.

In his review of *Rebels in Bohemia* ["Those Were the Days, Sort of," *The Nation*, Jan. 29], Maurice Isserman attacks me for criticizing Terence V. Powderly and Samuel Gompers and attacks Leslie Fishbein, author of the book, for being critical of the radicals associated with *The Masses*. Which leads me to conclude that this issue of *The Nation* marks the launching of a new philosophy of history to be known as Issermanism. According to Issermanism, everything in the past happened as it should have, and happened for the best of all concerned.

Philip S. Foner

LEGAL REPRESSION IN CHILE

Cambridge, Mass.

The Nation's welcome editorial on Chile, "Better Not Torture" [Jan. 1-8], raises two central human rights issues. Not only have the rules for certification of rights-progress "grown lax with time and the mood of the Reagan Administration" but the Pinochet government in Chile has created a special legal system to provide itself with a constitutional facade to legitimate increasingly sophisticated forms of repression. Cloaked in institutional trappings, violations of human rights can continue in Chile without appearing to.

Although it is extremely important to document arrests, detentions, cases of torture and disappearances, such documentation does not by itself indicate either significant deterioration or improvement of human rights; and the data can be ignored by officials such as Reagan and Kirkpatrick. Violations should be viewed as the more dramatic manifestations of a systematic climate of terror wrought by a regime that *requires* torturers and public executioners in order to survive. The logic of brute power demands a continuum of violence and repression. The difference now is that this state repression is legal, as I have discussed in my paper "The Institutionalization of Repression in Chile: A New Measure of Human Rights."

In view of the Reagan Administration's strictly political evaluation of Chile's "progress" in human rights, it is imperative that the definition of human rights be expanded to one that exposes the legal masks of repression and accounts for a country's overall record. Loopholes in the definition that allow neoconservatives and dictators to make a mockery of inalienable rights must be closed, and *any* aid to Chile, as *The Nation* points out, absolutely opposed.

Jennifer G. Schirmer, Fellow
Center for European Studies, Harvard

THE LUDLOW REFERENDUM

Fort Worth

In "Putting War to a Vote," Philip S. Foner overlooked the famous Ludlow Referendum, which Congress considered in 1937 and which *The Nation* opposed in an editorial ["The Shape of Things," Dec. 25, 1937].

Paul F. Boller Jr.

TRILLIN CUTS 'DEITY OVERLOAD'

Holden, Mo.

Calvin Trillin's "Uncivil Liberties" in the January 29 *Nation* is worth the price of the magazine for a whole year. It is a priceless bit of humorous writing coupled with a rare insight into the workings of narrow, crooked political minds and the heads of some of the cults that afflict the world today. Undoubtedly they are responsible for what Trillin so aptly calls "Deity Overload." . . . I'll venture a guess that the Lord God Himself got a hearty chuckle out of this.

Blanche Young

McWILLIAMS HONORED

This week the history department of the University of California at Los Angeles formally inaugurated the Carey McWilliams graduate fellowship program and the Carey McWilliams honors program for undergraduates, both named for *The Nation*'s former editor.

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EDITORIALS.

Nicaraguan Peril

The Reagan Administration has never accepted the revolutionary victory in Nicaragua. Since it took office it has been trying to destabilize the Sandinist regime and reverse its leftist revolution. That remains true today, despite Secretary of State Shultz's toning down of his predecessor's apocalyptic rhetoric. Washington's $20 million campaign to destabilize Nicaragua continues to unfold, and its most deadly operation is the no-longer-secret war on Nicaragua's border with Honduras.

All along Nicaragua's northern frontier, the United States is sponsoring a proxy war by some 5,000 to 6,000 exiles, most of them former members of Somoza's notorious National Guard, who raid Nicaragua daily from Honduran sanctuaries. Usually they operate in squads ranging in size from 50 to 200 men, which slip across the border and assassinate pro-Sandinist peasants and Indians or attack isolated economic or military targets. In December, however, the violence escalated. In the fiercest fighting of the war, 600 Somocistas took up positions in the heavily forested Jalapa Mountains five miles inside Nicaragua and battled Sandinist troops for two days.

This battle was the mirror image of the Vietnam War, with the Sandinist forces using helicopter gunships and counterinsurgency tactics against U.S.-supported troops dug into jungle hillsides. Although the invaders were driven

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back, Sandinist officials fear that this escalation in the border war may have been the prelude to a major effort by the Somocistas to establish a "liberated zone" in northern Nueva Segovia, where Somoza recruited many of his Guardsmen. It is the only area of Nicaragua where the Somocistas can count on popular support. These exile attacks have taken their toll on Sandinist resources and Nicaraguan lives—more than 700 were killed last year and more than 90 last month—but they do not pose a serious threat to the Managua government. Sandinist commanders are confident that the army and the militia can contain the border attacks. But they cannot be eliminated unless the Sandinists carry the fighting to the Somocistas in their sanctuaries, which would mean war with Honduras.

It is the danger of a full-scale war that has led the Sandinists to deploy some twenty battalions along the northern frontier. Honduran troops provide cover for Somocista forces retreating across the border, yet the government regularly accuses the Sandinists of violating its territory. There have been frequent border clashes between the Honduran and Nicaraguan armies. Only Sandinist forbearance in the face of provocation has prevented these skirmishes from escalating into a wider war.

Most senior officers in both countries' armies now believe such a war is inevitable, and the Honduran military leader, Gen. Gustavo Alvarez Martínez, does not hide his view that it is desirable as well. His bellicosity has been encouraged by extensive U.S. military assistance. Last year, American military aid to Honduras totaled $33.1 million, triple the amount in the previous year, and the Pentagon says another $100 million is needed, an enormous sum for this small, impoverished country. Washington's efforts to turn Honduras into a regional policeman are tipping the political balance against its fragile civilian institutions.

As part of its attempt to topple the Sandinists, Washington has urged Israel to replace the Argentines, who had trained and advised the Honduran forces before the Falklands crisis, with its own personnel. Jerusalem is already one of Tegucigalpa's leading arms suppliers. Significantly, Gen. Ariel Sharon arrived in Honduras a few days after President Reagan left last December, and he went home with a shopping list that included warships and combat planes. The request for this kind of military hardware may mean that Honduras is planning an attack on Nicaragua's Atlantic coast similar to the amphibious operation that was the centerpiece of the recent U.S.-Honduran maneuvers near the Nicaraguan border. It is the specter of an Atlantic coast invasion, together with the Honduran military buildup and increasing U.S. military involvement, that most worries the Sandinists. It may even persuade them to embrace the lesser risk of a border war now. The Administration has fostered this dangerously unstable situation, which could explode into war at any moment. That may not have been its intention, but it is not clear that Washington knows its own mind.

A full-scale war between Nicaragua and Honduras would be a disaster for both, but even a continuation of the current limited conflict has negative consequences. It forces both countries to divert resources that are desperately needed for economic development and social welfare to defense, and it undermines the prospects of political pluralism in Managua and stability and democracy in Tegucigalpa.

For the Miskito Indians, who live along the embattled border, President Reagan's war spells unqualified disaster. Forced from their ancestral homeland by the Sandinists, the Miskitos face geographical fragmentation and cultural disintegration. On both sides of the frontier they are being used for political purposes contrary to their own interests—as cannon fodder in Honduras, as scapegoats in Nicaragua. The Miskitos find themselves caught up in a global and regional power struggle beyond their control—or even their ken. They are certainly the most innocent victims of this American tragedy. The United States has sown the seeds of war, but Central America will reap the whirlwind.

Coming Home

Protesters in the Vietnam era used to chant "Bring the war home," and in more ways than they ever imagined, their wish has been granted. Ten years after the Paris Peace Accords ended the U.S. military mission in Indochina, the consequences of America's longest losing war are still felt on the home front. The ever-widening budget deficits—and the deep economic crisis they reflect—flow directly from Lyndon Johnson's unbalanced war expenditures. The radical dysfunction of an entire generation—the traumatized cohort of Vietnam veterans, movement militants and countercultural romantics—is an unsettling influence on American society. The restraints on intervention abroad—from Angola to El Salvador—must be attributed to post-Vietnam circumspection.

As historians take up the task of combing the record of the war, a battalion of writers, critics, veterans and public officials convened last week at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles to reconsider the history they had made, or chronicled, a decade ago. The winds of war no longer howl about their heads and the old sense of urgency is gone, but after all these years the political and literary militia still have difficulty sorting out the morals and the myths. At the "Vietnam Reconsidered" conference, past Presidential aides defended their leaders' integrity, if not their policies; journalists told their favorite war stories; former students looked back in sorrow from their new professorial posts; and veterans tried again to claim the war they fought but were never allowed to define for themselves [see Peter Marin, "What the Vietnam Vets Can Teach Us," *The Nation*, November 27, 1982]. If there was any common perception among the participants, it was that Americans have tried to bury the mistakes of Vietnam and have stopped looking for the lessons.

The consequences still keep popping up in odd places: A food packager in Missouri recalls stocks of cheese because streams that cows drank from are contaminated with Dioxin spilled ten years ago at a nearby Agent Orange factory. A veteran in Hawaii suffers a psychotic flashback and strangles an innocent woman, believing her to be a

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Vietnamese enemy. Politicians of the right and left invoke patriotism and loyalty to justify or discredit current positions on new social issues. The war won't go away; it *has* come home. The next generation will find it just as necessary to reconsider and re-examine it as the generation that lived it did last week at U.S.C.

Money Writes

The average newspaper reader probably knows more about the weekly wages of auto workers than about the pay of authors, judging from the prevailing cocktail-party wisdom that the unconscionable sums going to machinists at River Rouge are the cause of the decline of the American auto industry. About the only report the average newspaper reader gets on authorial compensation is an occasional story about the sale of a steamy jet-set novel to the movies for several big ones plus points on the gross. Actually, as A.J. Liebling (or was it Norman Podhoretz?) pointed out, "Money is the mother's milk of literature." Think how the course of American poetry would have changed if Edgar Allan Poe had sold "The Raven" for several big ones plus points on the gross, instead of having to sell his vote in Baltimore.

The crass subject of authors' remuneration was given a rare airing recently in the "Publishing" column of *The New York Times*. "Agent Says Writers Are Cheated" read the headline, and the article proceeded to quote the charges made by a literary agent in an upcoming book (we almost said "to publicize an upcoming book"). After the agent had had his say, "Publishing" columnist Edwin McDowell quoted various other agents and publishers pro and con on the issue.

None of this material was fodder for a book-trade scandal like the David Begelman affair in the movie business, but the reader might have taken home the moral that as big-money deals become more common in publishing, a climate of temptation approaching that in Hollywood is created, with hanky-panky a possible result.

What was most intriguing about McDowell's story was its aftermath internally. The day after it appeared, *The Times* inaugurated a new corrections department headed "Editors' Note" to "amplify or rectify what editors consider significant lapses of fairness, balance or perspective." Guess what was the subject of the inaugural redress? Right—McDowell's column. Or rather the headline of the column, which the editors found inflammatory or something. Someone, it seems to us, protesteth too much. Could it have been some of the city's more voluble publishers? The headline struck us as an accurate reflection of the story. Perhaps the editors would have preferred "Publishers Are Honest, Publishers Say."

The "Editors' Note" also noted that the balancing views of two other deponents had been omitted from the story for reasons of space, and the reader was referred to page 13 for their remarks. Turning to page 13, we read statements by a publisher and an agent that publishers are more honest than people in a lot of businesses. That's a testimonial.

Now as the Authors Guild, the American Writers Congress and other writers' groups have pointed out, some writers do get shortchanged and certainly some royalty statements from some publishers could stand an audit. But what fascinated us about this affair was *The Times*'s response. We assume that the new "Editors' Note" will continue to serve an ombudsmanly role and will put right any lack of balance in future stories. Can we look forward to endless addenda supplied by Mobil P.R. whiz Herb Shmertz every time a story on the oil business appears? We cringe at the prospect.

Perhaps, as a circulation booster, *The Times* could start a "Zinger" contest. Readers would be invited to submit examples of unfairness, with the best complaint honored with a credit in "Editors' Note." There would be no money in it for the winner; no writer should expect that. For as Walter Meade, head of Avon Books, told McDowell, as conclusive proof of publishers' honesty, "How much could you make cheating an author?"

MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Washington

Since the theme of this article is betrayal and confession, I ought perhaps to begin with a couple of admissions of my own. First, it was I who revealed the identity of Sir Anthony Blunt as a Soviet espionage agent. Second, my father used to run guns for Joseph Stalin.

I printed Blunt's name (in the November 9, 1979 *New Statesman*) because there were so many crazy spy rumors at the time, and because so many innocent names were being bandied about. Since the Russians knew, the royal family knew, the Cabinet knew and the C.I.A. knew, I thought it unfair that the taxpayers and voters didn't know. And I thought it unwholesome that almost anybody who had been a socialist at Cambridge "at the wrong time" was under suspicion.

My father, the gunrunner to Stalin, had an even higher sense of duty. He was an officer in the Royal Navy, and made several trips in hellish seas to escort essential convoys to the port of Murmansk. (At the time, it was thought better that the Russians did not succumb to a first strike.) At the time, also, the Nazis controlled the whole European coastline. A lot of ships and planes and submarines attempted to abort me before I was even conceived. In the end, and not without some difficulty, our side won and my father was able to go back to voting Conservative with a clear conscience.

This brings us to Michael Straight, who says he worked for Russian intelligence in a small way while he was working for F.D.R.; who strove to bring America into the war and who regarded himself as a good democrat and an anti-fascist.

If the name Michael Straight doesn't ring a bell for you, I

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advise you to brace yourself. His memoir, *After Long Silence*, is about to fall from the press. Straight was at Cambridge with all of the right people and several of the wrong ones in the "devil's decade" of the 1930s. By his own account, he knew as long ago as 1937 that Sir Anthony Blunt and Guy Burgess were directly controlled by the Soviet Union. He didn't exactly agree to be signed up by them (they knew he would be handily placed on his return to America), but he did agree to meet the Russian agent they sent to contact him in Washington in 1938. By the time he met the Russian, he was working in the State Department. From 1948 to 1956 he edited *The New Republic*, a magazine of (then) advanced and decent opinions. In this capacity, he stood up to Joe McCarthy. In March 1951, he ran into Guy Burgess outside the British Embassy. Burgess, mused Straight, could well have been responsible for the deaths of many American soldiers in Korea if he had known of U.S. military plans. Nonetheless, Straight did not tell what he knew until 1963, when President Kennedy offered him a job that required security clearance. As a result, Sir Anthony Blunt became known as a spy—though not to the public.

Straight's disclosure of all this has had four very deplorable consequences that I can think of.

(1) It has added to the atmospheric literature of "spy fever" and "Red penetration," without adding anything to our existing knowledge of the moles.

(2) It has breathed a little life into the corroded lungs of the old McCarthy apologists.

(3) It has encouraged those who affect the belief that the United States "lost" China and nearly "lost" Korea because of sapping by the enemy within.

(4) It generated smirks among members of the James Jesus Angleton faction of the C.I.A., who always claimed that they knew more about the Cambridge Communists than did the British or anyone else.

All the usual stylists, from pro-Nixon, pro-McCarthy scribblers like William Safire to Moonie apologist Reed Irvine of Accuracy in Media, have felt the old Adam's rising. And when the book is actually published next month, there will be more of the same. As Safire put it the other day: "How delicious it must have been for a Red under the bed to deride Joe McCarthy for looking for Reds under the bed."

This is rubbish. Straight was a staunch cold warrior all the way through the relevant period. His book describes bitter close-quarter fighting with the fellow travelers over everything from Henry Wallace to the Polish trials. If Michael Straight was under the bed, it wasn't as a Red.

The same goes for the Korean War. The MacArthur faction was warned at the time that the Chinese took the Yalu frontier very seriously indeed. There's no evidence, given the public and minatory noises made by various American generals in those days, that the Chinese learned of American designs on the 38th parallel from any other than open sources. The only person who even fears that they might have learned of them from the traitor Guy Burgess is Michael Straight, who flagellates himself too much as a general practice and who thinks that he was more important than he was.

The Angleton people are, as always, more difficult to figure. They seem, as a house rule, to have distrusted British intelligence and to have regarded it as a kind of K.G.B. playground and rest house. (Not unreasonably.) But if they really knew about the moles, why didn't *they* blow their cover? Perhaps they thought the moles would lead them to bigger and greater revelations. But they can't have thought that about Straight, who was never threatened with prosecution and was appointed to a senior post at the National Endowment for the Arts by Richard Nixon, several years after his debriefing.

Straight says that he never gave his Russian contact in Washington anything of value or interest beyond a few summaries of the world situation as seen from his office and a couple of rebukes to the Communist International. He believes nonetheless that Stalin himself took an interest in his career as a potential "agent of influence." This raises a question: Why, if he knew so much and did so little, did he not meet with a traffic accident? It seems that the Russians trusted his bourgeois commitment to old friendships. On the evidence of the book, and judging by a recent conversation I had with Straight, the K.G.B. guessed him right. When he met Blunt after informing on him, the old aristo simply said that "they" had always wondered how long it would be before he "turned them in." The answer is—long enough that it would not do them any damage. I find Straight credible here. He apparently found it impossible to turn in his boyhood comrades. He could not even face the posthumous disapproval of John Cornford, who had died a poetic death in the ranks of the International Brigade. After a certain point in the 1950s, it no longer mattered what Straight did because all concerned had either given up spying or fled to Moscow.

So what are we to make of the conscience of this liberal elitist archetype? He advances the classic defense: that *at the time* the Communists seemed the keenest and toughest opponents of Nazism. Yet in the years 1938 to 1942, the years when he admits some contact with the Russians and the years when he could have named at least two of their senior agents, Moscow was half the time locked in a formal, treaty-bound, military alliance with Hitler. This period, rightly known as the midnight of our century, saw exchanges of prisoners between the Gestapo and the Gulag, and the sharing of Poland between the Red Army and the Wehrmacht. The British historian Hugh Trevor-Roper, himself a former intelligence officer, has written that this was the only time when Anthony Blunt could have done any real damage to his country. It would have been his duty, if he could have done it, to tell the Nazis that the British had the means to read their military codes (the so-called Ultra Secret). That could have lost the war, at least in Europe. So while *Pravda* denounced the British naval blockade of Germany as a barbarous war against civilians, the sworn antifascist Straight kept quiet as a mouse about the moles—who were then serving two masters. It would have made my father sick, and come to think of it I don't find it too admirable myself.

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CALVIN TRILLIN

In all of the theories about why so many people have attacks of wackiness when they reach middle age—resign from the bank to go live in a van with a teen-age mushroom-gatherer, and that sort of thing—one factor has been neglected: When someone reaches middle age, people he knows begin to get put in charge of things, and knowing what he knows about the people who are being put in charge of things scares the hell out of him. If he's one of the people put in charge of things himself, it may scare him all the more. In his heart of hearts, he knows how he made it through English 137, and he suspects others may know. He's right. I know. I'm not in charge of anything, but I'm scared anyway. I know some of these people.

The neglect of the old-acquaintance factor has meant that some manifestations of middle-age behavior are misunderstood. For instance, there came a time when I seemed to lose interest in reading the morning paper. "He's at that age," the United Parcel Service deliveryman explained to my wife. "His hormones are starting to act up on him." Wrong. My hormones are just fine, thank you. Look to your own hormones, United Parcel Service deliveryman. "He's depressed because he sees himself slipping," another lay analyst said, after observing me while he was in the house to unstop a clogged drain. "I've seen it on a lot of jobs lately. He knows he's starting to throw a step behind the runner."

Wrong again. That is not why I quit reading the morning paper. I quit because I was starting to come across the names of people I knew, and it was scaring the hell out of me. Sure, I had borne up under it stoically for a while. I didn't say anything when I read that the trustee chosen to preside over some important estate was a childhood neighbor of mine who had regularly cheated his little sister at old maid. People change. Maybe selling answers to the ninth grade algebra test—answers, I happen to know, that were worked out by the weird but brilliant Norton Gonsheimer on a promise (never kept) of 40 percent of the action—does not indicate a deep, immutable streak of dishonesty. Who was I to interfere? I remained calm when I read that the new chief of surgery at a fancy hospital uptown was someone who, I happen to know, was held back in the third grade for klutziness. I certainly didn't say anything when I read that one sector of the U.S. Army's missile-alert force was under the command of someone I knew in college as Dipso Dick Donnigan. What the Russians don't know, I figured, won't hurt them.

When I read that Dalt Durfee had been sent over to work out our trade difficulties with the Japanese, I said a little something. I said, "Dalt Durfee! That pea-brain! Jesus Christ Almighty!" Or words to that effect. I might have said more, I'll admit, if my wife hadn't shot me an odd look and told me I was frightening the children. The reason that the news about Dalt Durfee pushed me over the edge was that I finally realized what was happening. When people around the country read in the morning paper that L. Dalton Durfee, Deputy Undersecretary of State for Asian Economic Affairs, was going to sort things out with the Japanese, they felt reassured that somebody as important as a Deputy Undersecretary was looking into the matter, and they continued breakfast secure in the expectation that they'd soon be able to buy something that was actually made in America besides hairspray and trash bags. I realized, though, that the person walking around in the role of Deputy Undersecretary of State was, in fact, Dalt Durfee, the fourth dumbest guy in my college class—someone whose most penetrating display of intellectual curiosity had been when he asked a professor of geology whether A.M. means morning or afternoon. I realized that the Japanese would have California before the year was out. Worse than that, I finally realized that every Deputy Undersecretary was known way back when by someone like me. At that point I gave up reading the morning paper.

Why, then, did the symptoms persist? Why did I continue in a funk that inspired the postman to explain to my wife that many men grow listless at a certain age because their thoughts start to dwell morbidly on the future of their prostates. The symptoms persisted because I realized that the people I knew back when were not simply in the newspaper; they were in the Yellow Pages. When I was staring out the window and the postman thought I was thinking of prostates, I was actually thinking of all the people listed in the Yellow Pages under Attorneys. I know some of those people. It scares me.

In Toledo, the listing includes Ralph W. Moshler, Esq. It's really Blinko Moshler, the dumbest guy in my class—a man who could stand in the intellectual shadow cast by Dalt Durfee and never see the sun. When Durfee asked the professor of geology whether A.M. meant morning or afternoon, Blinko, who was pushy as well as dumb, waved his hand and shouted "Afternoon! It means afternoon!" How, you ask, did someone as dumb as Blinko Moshler get through law school? If law school is hard to get through, I answer, how come there are so many lawyers?

Blinko is with a respectable firm. People who don't know any better think he's a lawyer named Ralph W. Moshler, Esq. I worry about that. Sometimes, when I'm waiting to fall asleep at night, I worry about a decent, hard-working young man from a very small town in Ohio who goes to Toledo to get factory work. He lives quietly in a boardinghouse. He's saving his money so he can go back to his little town and open a Burger King franchise. One day, his landlady is brutally murdered. Circumstantial evidence points to the young boarder, although he is, of course, completely innocent. He has no money for a lawyer. The judge says, "I have appointed an attorney to represent you—a prominent member of the bar named Ralph W. Moshler."

"Stop!" I shout. "It's not a lawyer! It's Blinko! He's a mushhead! It's Blinko!"

My wife shakes me awake. "You were talking in your sleep again," she says. "You must be getting to that age."

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ARTICLES.

LEGISLATIVE/JUDICIAL FRONTS

The State of Draft Resistance

It seems a good time to consider the state of resistance to draft registration. Last summer, the Justice Department began a round-up of nonregistrants—what could be dubbed Days of Selective Prosecution, since all of the thirteen men charged had distinguished themselves by their public opposition to registration. This phase is now over. Although the government obtained one more indictment after the initial thirteen (Daniel Rutt of Dearborn, Michigan, on January 20), antidraft groups, and other observers as well, believe that it will await the outcome of its appeals in the David Wayte and Russell Martin cases before undertaking further prosecutions. The Wayte case is discussed on page 201 by Elizabeth Poe Kerby. In the Martin case, the indictment was found flawed by the judge, who amended it in a way that may make it more difficult for the government to prosecute other nonregistrants.

The Administration received aid on the legislative front by the introduction and passage of the Solomon amendment last summer. The strategy of denying Federal benefits to nonregistrants will be expanded to other Federal programs besides student aid, as David Corn reports below. While the President's allies in Congress push aid-stripping measures, Representatives William Green and Martin Sabo have introduced a bill that strips Selective Service of its registration funding. Senator Mark Hatfield may introduce a similar measure. Undaunted by this threat and by the adverse court decisions, Selective Service rolls on, sending out warning letters to nonregistrants and training local boards (now known as "claims boards"), which will be activated in the event of a draft. Selective Service is also trying to draw up an alternative-service program for conscientious objectors.

—The Editors

DAVID CORN

"The message is simple: No registration, no money." So said Secretary of Education T.H. Bell at a press conference on January 21 at which he announced proposed regulations denying Federal financial aid to college students who fail to register for the draft. But Bell's comment could as easily have been referring to the Reagan Administration's master plan for insuring compliance with the draft registration law.

With the Justice Department stymied in its attempts to enforce registration in the courts, the Administration, with the help of Congress, has adopted a new strategy to force recalcitrant young men to make that trip to the post office: cutting off Federal assistance to all those who decline to register. The opening gun in this campaign was the Solomon amendment to the Military Selective Service Act (named after Representative Gerald Solomon of New York), which prohibits Federal tuition aid to nonregistered students.

Solomon attached his amendment to the 1983 Defense Department Appropriation Act last July. Then he attached a similar amendment to the Job Training Partnership Act, a $2.8 billion program that provides vocational training for 1 million disadvantaged youths and adults. This amendment passed the House without any debate. "We slipped it in by voice vote," boasts Gary Holmes, Solomon's executive assistant. The Senate approved a similar measure, and Senate and House conferees later agreed to a version close to the one that passed the House. Regulations implementing the amendment will be issued by the Department of Labor shortly.

Solomon, who is closely attuned ideologically to Ronald Reagan, is not content merely to deny nonregistrants student aid and job training. If he has his way, they would be barred from receiving other forms of Federal aid as well. According to Holmes, Solomon is now considering measures that would deny food stamps, housing loans and passports to young men who fail to register. "We are looking wherever there is a substantial amount of money and support given to people of that registration-age category," says Holmes.

So far only the student aid measure has received much attention in the press. Under its provisions, about 2.5 million male students who receive Guaranteed Student Loans, Pell Grants, work-study assistance and all other Title IV financial aid must provide written proof that they have registered in order to receive aid in the 1983-84 academic year. And under the Department of Education's proposed rules implementing the law, colleges must have such proof in order to process financial-aid requests. They "must make proof of the student's registration compliance a part of the student's record," and it is suggested that his Selective Service number "be made a part of the required information on the financial aid transcript."

Predictably, the Solomon amendment has drawn widespread criticism within the academic community. "I can't think of any body of higher education that is supportive of this," says Al Somberg of the American Association of University Professors, which represents 80,000 faculty members. The American Council on Education, the National Association of Student Financial Aid Administrators, the New York State Association of Financial Aid Administrators, the Massachusetts Association of Financial Aid Administrators, the Association of Catholic Colleges and Universities, the United States Student Association and several colleges, including Swarthmore, Earlham, Haverford—each a Quaker institution—and the University of Michigan, have expressed opposition to the amendment. Financial aid officers have complained of the rule's added

David Corn is associate editor of Nuclear Times. *Research assistance was provided by Josh Dienstag.*

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burden of paperwork, while David Fraser, president of Swarthmore, has expressed a concern, shared by other educators, that colleges are "being put in the role of being a policeman."

The University of Minnesota and Macalester College in St. Paul have filed amicus curiae briefs in a suit challenging the amendment's constitutionality originally brought by the Minnesota Public Interest Research Group. (A Federal District Court judge ruled that the M.P.I.R.G. did not have legal standing to sue; the Minnesota Civil Liberties Union, which had joined the M.P.I.R.G. as a plaintiff, is continuing the suit. The M.P.I.R.G. has brought a new suit with three unnamed students as plaintiffs.) The complaint charges that the Solomon amendment violates the Fifth Amendment guarantee against self-incrimination. It further charges that the law is a bill of attainder, that it inflicts punishment without due process of law and that it discriminates on the basis of sex, age, income (since students who do not receive financial aid will not be affected) and race (since the effects of a widespread denial of financial aid will fall disproportionately on minorities). Finally, the plaintiffs contend that the Solomon amendment violates the Privacy Act of 1974 by requiring the Department of Education to collect information that is not necessary to the performance of its lawful task—the distribution of financial aid—and to pass this information along to another agency, the Selective Service System. Decisions on the suits, now being heard by the U.S. District Court for the District of Minnesota, are expected sometime this month.

A number of schools have asked the M.P.I.R.G. for information about the suit, suggesting that they are in sympathy with it. But the important question for nonregistered students is, will schools that oppose the amendment dig into their own pockets to make up the money they will lose? Earlham has announced that it may extend financial assistance to students who are denied Federal aid, and the University of California is also considering doing so. Swarthmore president Fraser thinks that "the college ought to replace lost Federal aid." Swarthmore is now looking into ways of doing that, including subsidizing interest rates, establishing a special fund for students denied Federal aid and increasing financial aid appropriations.

President A. Bartlett Giamatti of Yale has pointed out that Yale has a twenty-year-old policy of providing aid to needy students and that anyone denied Federal assistance is thus eligible for aid from the university. But Steve Kezerian, assistant director of public information at Yale, notes that loans from the university have higher interest rates than Federal loans. Although it is too early to estimate the cost to the school, Kezerian says, "If a number of students are denied Federal assistance, it will certainly cost the university more. We will have to draw on our own resources." At schools where antiregistration sentiment is high, such as the University of California at Berkeley, the additional financial burden could be considerable.

And so, thwarted in its efforts to punish nonregistrants in the courts, the Administration intends to hurt some of them in their pocketbooks. As was the case during the Vietnam War, the financially disadvantaged will be the main victims.

"We're really hoping this will drastically raise the rate of registration," says Holmes. "There have been a lot of nonregistrants who have been counseled that they have nothing to worry about. You should stand up for what you believe in, but don't worry. You won't get hurt. Once they realize the government is serious and that they may suffer penalties for their civil disobedience, they may decide it is not really important for them to take this stand." The message is indeed a simple one, and Representative Solomon and the Administration believe they have found the right way to deliver it. □

ELIZABETH POE KERBY

From the beginning, the Wayte case was extraordinary, particularly the behavior of the Department of Justice attorneys. During the pretrial hearings in Federal District Court in Los Angeles last September, Judge Terry Hatter Jr. ruled that unless the government proved otherwise, he would be compelled to find that David Wayte had been targeted for prosecution because of his public criticism of draft registration, as the defense claimed. Such a prosecution would violate his right to freedom of speech under the First Amendment to the Constitution.

The government could not disprove the selective prosecution charge. Indeed, Justice Department documents relating to the decision to prosecute nonregistrants, which the government submitted in the pretrial hearings, seemed to establish that the prosecution *was* selective.

For example, there was a letter drafted by David Kline of the criminal division of the Justice Department for his boss, Assistant Attorney General D. Lowell Jensen. The letter, dated March 2, 1982, and addressed to Herbert C. Puscheck of the Selective Service System, warned that prosecuting only opponents of registration raised constitutional problems. "With the present universe of hundreds of thousands of non-registrants," Kline wrote, "the chances that a quiet non-registrant will be prosecuted is probably about the same as the chances that he will be struck by lightning." In a handwritten note on the back of the letter, Kline added that it was essential that the government have an active prosecution program under way, "or well in development state," before launching what the Justice Department has called "passive enforcement"—i.e., prosecuting just those who have publicly opposed registration. When prosecution of the thirteen began last summer, no such program was in place.

Rather than attempt to refute this evidence, the government's strategy seemed to be to get the Wayte case out of Hatter's court as fast as possible in the hope that it would have better luck on appeal. This eagerness was so apparent that Hatter was moved to question whether the government attorneys had come to his court "in good faith."

Not only did the government have a skeptical judge on its

Elizabeth Poe Kerby was formerly on the staff of Time.

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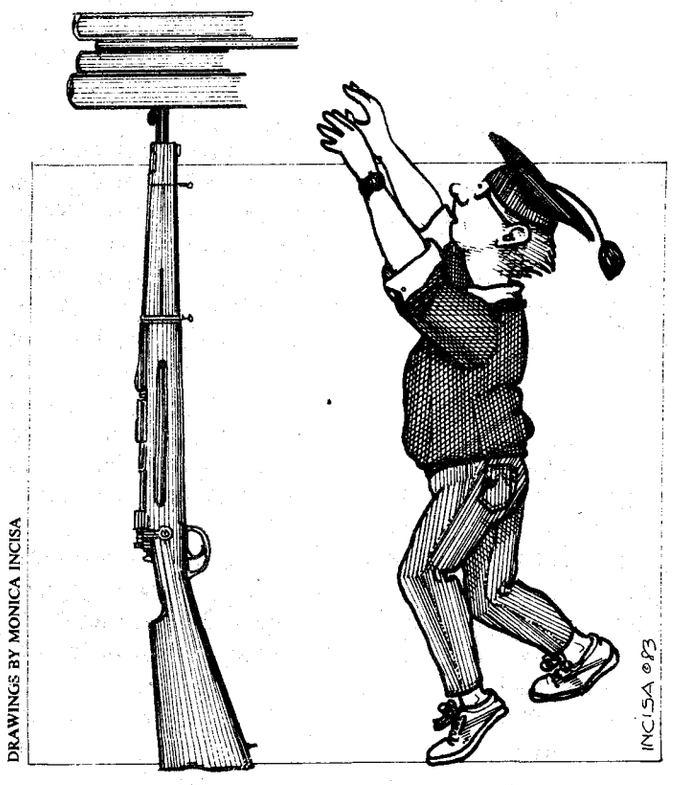
hands; it was also up against a well-prepared team of defense lawyers, headed by William G. Smith, a Los Angeles attorney who has specialized in draft cases from the time of the Vietnam War. He was backed by eight attorneys and four law students—possibly the most formidable array of legal talent ever mustered in a draft case.

In the pretrial discovery proceedings Hatter ordered the government to produce all documents pertaining to the decision to prosecute nonregistrants. But the government supplied only Justice Department letters and memorandums that were heavily expurgated. In a letter of response to Hatter's order, the department said that his "appetite for more and more irrelevant disclosure of sensitive information has become insatiable." Upon reading this, Hatter observed with quiet anger that he had never before heard such language addressed to a court. James Reynolds of the Justice Department's criminal division made no effort to mollify Hatter, telling the judge that his discovery orders were "unfathomable." Eventually, some unexpurgated materials were turned over, though the government lawyers demanded that he guarantee that the papers would not be stolen from his chambers.

Hatter had ordered the government to produce in court documents relating to high-level White House meetings at which the prosecution of nonregistrants had been discussed. But on November 3, Assistant U.S. Attorney Richard Romero refused to do so under a blanket claim of executive privilege. Romero also declined to allow Presidential counselor Edwin Meese 3d, who was a key figure in the deliberations, to testify. In an affidavit, White House chief of staff James Baker extended the claim of executive privilege to all policy papers and to the report of the President's Military Manpower Task Force. (A copy of the report was released on October 26 by Draft Action, an anti-draft group, and it failed to support President Reagan's claim that the task force had recommended registration as a way to "save" six to eight weeks in the event of a military mobilization.) Hatter protested at one point that the government seemed to be claiming that executive privilege applied to a story about a meeting of the task force that had appeared in *The Washington Post*. The Justice Department attorneys ignored the court's demands that they justify the claim of executive privilege. "They treated Hatter as a non-judge and the hearings as non-hearings," said Mark Rosenbaum of the American Civil Liberties Union, who was one of Wayte's attorneys. "They are hoping for other decisions in other cases that will isolate Judge Hatter."



DRAWINGS BY MONICA INCISA

Because of the government's refusal to supply White House documents, Hatter, in a blistering thirty-seven-page opinion, dismissed the charges against Wayte as "the appropriate sanction for the government's recalcitrance."

Hatter said that the Department of Justice should have been responsible for deciding which nonregistrants would be prosecuted, and noted that the selection should have been made from lists of nonregistrants supplied by the Selective Service System. But in this case, he wrote:

> It is clear . . . that agencies other than Selective Service and the Department of Justice have been involved in the decisions. A nexus has been established between the White House, through Edwin Meese III, Selective Service, and the Department of Justice. . . . Numerous documents disclosed to the defendant by the Government indicate White House interest in the prosecution of non-registrants. . . . The involvement of Mr. Meese and the Task Force in prosecutorial policy decisions creates a strong inference of impropriety with regard to the government's motive in seeking the prosecution of this defendant and others similarly situated. . . .
>
> It strains credulity to believe that the investigative agencies of our government, especially the FBI, could not locate any non-vocal non-registrants. The inference is strong that the Government could locate them, but chose not to. . . . The Justice Department's prosecutive policy is designed to insure that only persons who are most adamant in their refusal to register will be prosecuted. . . . The inference is manifest that the defendant has been singled out for prosecution because he exercised his First Amendment right to free speech. . . . It is apparent to this court that Mr. Meese was most prominently involved in the entire process of impermissible selective prosecution. . . .
>
> The list of officials involved in the prosecutive policy concerning non-registrants begins with Mr. Meese and other White House staff, continues with the Task Force, the Secretary of Defense, the Director of the Office of Management and Budget, the White House National Security Advisor, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the Director of Selective Service.

Finally, charged Hatter, the government knew about the constitutional problems with the passive enforcement program but nonetheless "chose to implement it."

Hatter found another flaw in the government's case. He ruled that President Carter's proclamation on the draft was illegal because the required thirty-day waiting period for public comment was not observed. This was not a minor

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breach, said Hatter, given that the proclamation established criminal liability for noncompliance.

Even though Selective Service has mailed thousands of letters to suspected nonregistrants warning them of the possibility of prosecution, in light of the Wayte decision and the ruling in the case of Russell Martin of Cedar Falls, Iowa, in which the indictment was found to be flawed, such action is unlikely. "Everybody knows they are bluffing," attorney Smith says. "There may be a few more indictments for failure to register in out-of-the-way places, but I don't expect the government to start any large number of cases until the Wayte matter is settled." The government has appealed in both the Wayte and Martin cases. But as the report of the Military Manpower Task Force stated, the enlistment rate in the all-volunteer armed forces has been so high that a peacetime draft is not likely until at least 1987. By that time, the thirteen nonregistrants will be well beyond draft age.

The total number of men who have not registered has reached 550,000, and the rate of compliance fell from 93 percent in 1981 to 84 percent in 1982. Last summer the polling firm of Yankelovich, Skelly and White surveyed a selected sample of nonregistrants in Atlanta, Chicago, New York, San Francisco and Stamford, Connecticut. The study found that among poor blacks and others who are alienated from society, registration represents exploitation by "the system." And those classified as antiwar "intellectuals"—predominantly white college students—have a "generally anti-military and anti-registration posture, and the belief that there is an implicit linkage between registration, the draft, and U.S. military adventurism around the world." □

WAGE-EARNER FUNDS

Sweden's Third Way to Worker Ownership

FRANCES MOORE LAPPÉ

"In our struggle for economic democracy we've adopted the artichoke tactic," said Swedish sociologist Anders Broström. "The power of private ownership has been stripped away leaf by leaf. But the heart remains—the right to private ownership of the means of production. The question is, What is to be done with that heart?"

Frances Moore Lappé is a co-founder of the Institute for Food and Development Policy in San Francisco and author of Diet for a Small Planet, *released in 1982 in its tenth anniversary edition. Her most recent book, with Joseph Collins, is* Now We Can Speak: A Journey Through the New Nicaragua.

In Sweden, where ownership of industry is concentrated in the hands of fewer people, relatively speaking, than it is in the United States, a debate is now in progress that goes to the "heart" of Broström's question, as I learned during a visit there last September. The Social Democrats had just been returned to power on a platform that includes a proposal to gradually transfer ownership of the largest industries to the workers.

For more than a decade, Sweden's powerful trade union movement, led by the Swedish Trade Union Confederation (known as LO), has been refining that proposal. In 1981, the confederation and the Social Democratic Party (S.A.P.) reached agreement on its basic outline, and the unions made a historic offer to industry: in exchange for a broadening of the ownership of Swedish industry, they would be willing to moderate wage demands.

Instead of putting more capital in the hands of the wealthy through tax cuts, as supply-siders advocate, Swedish unionists and Social Democrats have called for new infusions of investment capital from workers and employers—a case of "from the bottom up" rather than "trickle down." As trade union economist Anna Hedborg told me, "If industrial ownership is left untouched, the rich will have to get richer to supply the new capital that's now needed for industrial growth." Under the labor-S.A.P. plan, so-called wage-earner funds would be established in each of Sweden's twenty-four counties. Governed by popularly elected boards, these funds would use money invested by workers and employers to buy shares of stock in Swedish industry.

Each board would control the voting rights of a majority of a fund's block of shares in a company. Employees of the firms in which the fund invests would cast the votes of a minority of those shares. Over the years, the funds could acquire sufficiently large holdings in Sweden's major companies to give them significant, or even controlling, interests.

Not surprisingly, to Swedish industrialists the prospect of this kind of public ownership is anathema, and they made the fund proposal a central issue in the last elections, in hopes of frightening voters away from the Social Democrats. The Federation of Swedish Industries hired an American advertising agency to mount a multimillion-dollar propaganda campaign, the likes of which Sweden had never seen before. Handbills, billboards, even bikini-clad women on the beaches claimed that the wage-earner funds would introduce Eastern European-style state planning and mean the end of Swedish democracy. Swedes were told that the funds would run the country and that labor unions would tell everyone what books they could read, what movies they could see.

"The industry association thought it could simply transfer to Sweden the single-issue tactic that has defeated progressives in the United States," Minister for Foreign Trade Mats Hellström told me. "But the Swedes didn't buy it. In fact, they found the approach offensive."

Although the industrialists failed to defeat the Social Democrats, Per-Martin Meyerson, a director of the Federa-

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tion of Swedish Industries, claimed, "We won on the wage-earner funds. The polls showed that only 15 percent of the public supports the funds."

"Of course, people can't say they are for something they don't understand, and the plan is complicated," countered economist Rudolf Meidner, who is considered the architect of the wage-earner funds proposal. "Now that the Social Democrats are in power, we have a chance to explain it to people." Regarding the fears of some voters that the plan would give labor too much power, he said, "The unions don't want to control the funds—that was a myth created by industry."

The plan's supporters also stress it will not be implemented overnight. The government is expected to move slowly and negotiate with industry. "We can't introduce something that will be thrown out when the conservatives get elected," one trade union economist told me. And Hedborg emphasized, "We need time for people to grow into this plan, to develop the capacity to take on the responsibility."

The debate over how to implement the plan has now begun in earnest. Critical questions remain: Who will elect the members of the funds' boards? All citizens? Only workers? All who have contributed to the pension system? Would the funds run more efficiently if individuals were allowed to choose which one to put their money in? Will those elected to the boards be able to balance their (perhaps conflicting) interests as workers, investors and citizens of a community in need of new industry and jobs?

Given the hostility of industry and the lack of widespread understanding of the plan, it is possible that in the course of this debate, the central issue—the democratization of stock ownership—could be lost. No one can say with certainty that it won't, but there are several pressures at work that could force the Social Democrats into taking the final leap.

§ First, there is the need to deal with the delayed impact of Sweden's unique "solidarity wage policy." This policy, which was introduced in the early 1950s, entitles every employee to comparable pay for comparable work, regardless of the profitability of the firm he or she works for. "The irony," economist Anders Kristoffersson pointed out, "is that this egalitarian incomes policy led to an increase in the concentration of wealth." Because wages were kept at levels affordable by moderately profitable companies, the less profitable ones were forced out of business. And by the early 1970s, the more profitable firms were reaping what came, to be known as "excess profits."

The wage-earner funds will counter that trend, their supporters say. The plan stipulates that 20 percent of "excess profits"—that is, profits above 20 percent—must be invested in the wage-earner funds.

§ A second factor is rising expectations among union members. Over the last decade, Swedish workers have won the right to representation on company boards and a broad range of protections against unilateral management decisions. "We've gone as far as we could go legislating workers' rights," Mats Hellström told me, "but that's not enough. As long as the ownership of capital is denied to workers, they will be denied participation in the most important decisions."

§ Third, the current recession has caused a one-third drop in savings from the 1970 level; needed capital left the country, and much of what remained flowed in increasing amounts into what the Swedes call the "transaction economy"—speculative investments in securities and real estate instead of productive investments.

The credibility of capitalist investment policies was shaken, no doubt strengthening the demand for workers' influence, at the same time that wage-earner-fund advocates were offering their plan as a source of new capital formation. Even some supporters of the funds, however, think they won't generate enough capital to make a significant difference in the economy, at least in the short run. Kristoffersson, for instance, estimates that a year's contributions to the funds would amount to less than 15 percent of the "savings gap."

§ Fourth, like many other industrial countries with aging populations, Sweden needs new sources of capital for its national pension-fund system. There are now 2.5 workers for every pensioner, and in twenty years there will be only two. Supporters of the funds point out that dividends on their investments will go to the pension system, thus providing needed capital. Moreover, the funds will channel money into productive investments rather than speculation, stimulating the economy and allowing growth in real wages. This in turn would mean greater contributions to the pension system.

§ Finally, Sweden's strong labor movement (almost 90 percent of all workers belong to a union) will maintain pressure on the S.A.P. to implement the proposal. In the 1970s, the "Swedish model" of labor-capital cooperation, which had existed for forty years, began to break down. "In 1980," trade union economist Hedborg reminded me, "we had strikes and lockouts involving 700,000 people. What we need now is a new version of the Swedish model of 1938. Then the trade unions were less powerful. We chose cooperation. Well, it might be the same today—only [the industrialists] will have to cooperate with our program. Today, *we* are more powerful."

Not only do most workers belong to unions but, I learned, close to 20 percent actively participate in union affairs. "Wherever I go throughout the country," Hedborg told me, "I meet people who know as much about the wage-earner funds as I do. There are at least 100,000 labor activists who have really studied it. They know all about stock markets and risk capital—and many have only six years in school. No, it can't die away here—too many people are too involved."

It was difficult not to believe her. A historic change appears to be under way in Sweden—and one worth following closely by all who are seeking innovative alternatives to Western corporatist, as well as Eastern statist, models for economic recovery. "First we achieved political democracy, then a substantial social democracy," said sociologist Anders Broström. "Now it's time to build economic democracy." □

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MAYORALTIES: PHILADELPHIA

The Return of The Big Bambino

LENORA E. BERSON

Philadelphia is in a time warp. Frank Rizzo, the city's former police chief and two-term Mayor, is running for his old office.

Rizzo left City Hall in 1980 after the overwhelming defeat of a City Charter amendment he had sponsored that would have allowed him to run for a third consecutive term—and "forever," if the slogan on his supporters' campaign buttons had any validity.

After a three-year exile in his cavernous home in the elite Chestnut Hill section of the city, he has returned to the political scene. Standing on a podium beneath ornate chandeliers at the recently refurbished Bellevue Stratford Hotel last month, he announced his candidacy, promising "to rededicate my life to lead as well as serve this city."

Looking up from his text, he explained: "Jobs, that's the issue of the 80's. . . . I'm going to bring all the people that have got money in this country. I'm going to invite them to Philadelphia. I'm going to put packages together that are so attractive that they won't be able to say no. I'm going to offer them free land. I'm going to offer them low interest rates. I'm going to offer them tax abatements. And if they want me to I'll do a jig up Broad Street."

Then, unable to resist sounding a theme from the past, he added, "Philadelphia is not the safest city in the United States anymore. It used to be number one."

Predictably, Rizzo's announcement attracted media attention. Proudly surveying the room packed with reporters, Rizzo said, "There is no other candidate in the history of the world that could attract the press that's here today."

Such national attention would normally be an asset to a candidate, but that is not true in Rizzo's case. His press conferences are more bear-baiting than journalism. Reporters ask questions to incite outrageous answers rather than to elicit information, and their efforts have been rewarded with such statements as "I'm going to make Attila the Hun look like a faggot" and "I can't solve all the ills of the city but I'll really work them over."

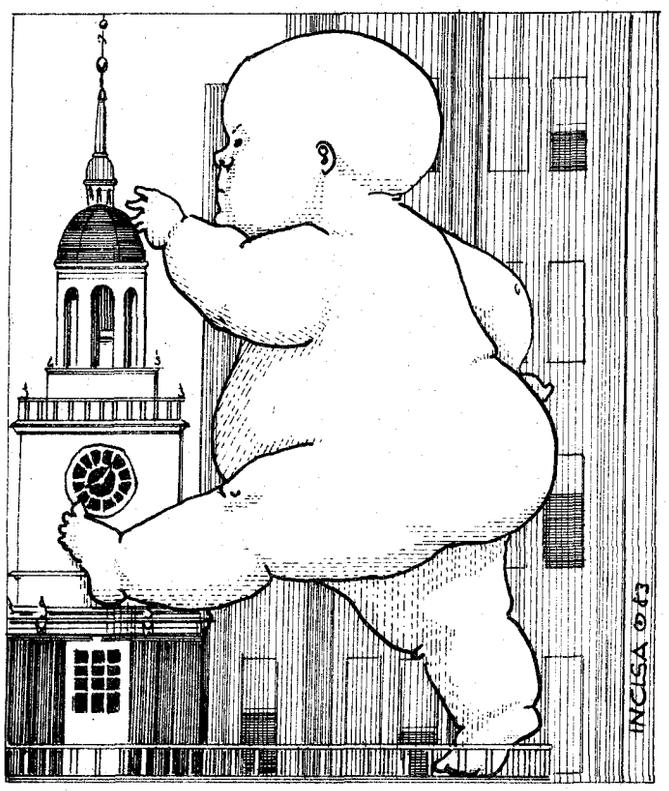
Although he seems to be sui generis, Rizzo is really the latest in a long line of American politicians who have traded on race and class antagonisms. His predecessors include "Pitchfork" Ben Tillman of South Carolina, Tom Watson of Georgia, "Pass the Biscuits Pappy" O'Daniel of Texas and the "old" George Wallace of Alabama. Politicians of this stripe substitute rhetoric for programs, and their regimes are frequently accompanied by waste and corruption.

Rizzo's eight-year rule followed the pattern. A series of investigations revealed widespread favoritism and corruption. But the salient characteristics of the Rizzo mayoralty were fiscal irresponsibility and contempt for the law. He unsuccessfully fought an agreement between the city and the Federal government to build the Whitman Park housing development in order to keep blacks from moving into a poor white neighborhood. In retaliation, the Carter Administration cut off all Urban Development Corporation grants to Philadelphia, costing the city millions of dollars. By flouting Civil Service regulations (he once appointed his wife's hairdresser to an administrative job at City Hall) he created an expensive and top-heavy bureaucracy.

Rizzo played fast and loose with the City Charter requirement that the mayor present a balanced budget to the City Council each year. One year he papered over a budget deficit by claiming as income the real estate taxes owed by the bankrupt Penn Central and Reading Railroads and $12 million in shared revenues from a Federal energy tax that President Ford had proposed but Congress had not passed. When Rizzo left office the city was in fiscal chaos. His successor, William Green, inherited a $25 million deficit and faced a projected budget gap of $118 million in 1981.

All Rizzo's old-style bombast cannot blow away Philadelphia voters' memories of his past capers. And so he has altered his tactics this year. During his first week of campaigning he spent most of his time denying that he was a racial polarizer or that he had ever been hostile to homosexuals. He bragged that he had rebuilt Philadelphia's economy only to see it slide under his successor's rule. He even admitted that he had erred in the past: "Anybody that don't make mistakes doesn't do anything."

The *mea culpas* crafted by Rizzo's media experts from New York smack of John Lindsay's campaign for reelection in 1969. The aim is to arouse the voters' sym-



Lenora E. Berson is a freelance writer and political activist.

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pathies for an unpopular former Mayor by having him eat humble pie, a tactic that worked for Lindsay.

Rizzo's real political strength, however, lies not in his humility but in his anger—his ability to articulate the rage of large numbers of poor and working-class whites against an unfair world they never made. In the decaying industrial neighborhoods that line the Delaware River, in the Italian immigrant communities of South Philadelphia and in the cookie-cutter post-World War II housing developments of Northeast Philadelphia Rizzo posters abound.

The former Mayor has always been a controversial figure. Most Philadelphians either love him or hate him. Three recent surveys by pollsters Patrick Cadell, Peter Hart and Penn and Schoen gave Rizzo a high "negative rating." The proportions of people who said flatly that they would not vote for him ranged from 46 percent to 54 percent. Between 27 percent and 35 percent of those polled said they would always vote for "The Big Bambino," as his supporters affectionately call him.

If history is any guide, a very high percentage of the Rizzo faithful will cast their ballots in the May Democratic primary. In the past, anti-Rizzo voters, while potentially more numerous than his supporters, did not turn out in sufficient numbers to defeat him. He has won every election he has run in, including the primaries for the Democratic nomination and the general elections in 1971 and 1975. In both years he either ran against a divided field or against a weak candidate whose sole appeal was the fact that he was not Frank Rizzo. The only vote Rizzo ever lost was the referendum asking Philadelphians whether he should be allowed to run for a third consecutive term. They answered no by a margin of more than a quarter of a million votes.

In this year's Democratic primary, however, Rizzo is running against a man with a strong constituency: W. Wilson Goode, who, until he resigned last December to run for mayor, was the city's managing director, the first black to hold that post.

The managing director's office is unique to Philadelphia. The City Charter adopted in 1951 places both a politician and a technocrat at the city's helm. The politician—the mayor—appoints the technocrat, the managing director. The Charter states that the managing director must have executive experience and must be given a four-year contract. The managing director is charged with overseeing the day-to-day operations of the city's ten departments and sits, ex officio, on a number of municipal boards and commissions. The managing director is potentially the second most powerful figure in city government. Until Goode was appointed, however, this potential was rarely realized.

Goode lifted himself up from poverty. Born on a farm in North Carolina forty-four years ago, he came to Philadelphia with his family when he was 14, and went on to complete college and earn an M.B.A. from the Wharton School of Finance. He served as chairman of the Pennsylvania Public Utilities Commission from 1977 to 1980.

Although Goode styles himself a "manager" and a "problem solver," he has solid political credentials. He was one of the founders of an independent black political movement in the city, and for many years was on the board of the Philadelphia chapter of Americans for Democratic Action. He was named managing director as much because of his political background as his academic and professional achievements.

The appointment was the product of a deal between Mayor Green and black political power brokers. After nearly losing the Democratic primary in 1979 to a black, Green agreed to appoint Goode managing director in return for the black leaders' support.

Once in office, Green's aloofness, his reluctance to meet with all but a handful of advisers and city officials, created a political vacuum in city government which Goode moved to fill. Citizen groups soon learned that the place to get their problems solved was the managing director's office, not the Mayor's. Goode has appeared at more than 500 meetings with community organizations to answer questions about such matters as trash collection, street lighting, playgrounds, police protection, libraries, schools and housing. By the summer of 1982, he had been in every corner of the city and was as well known as and generally better liked than the Mayor.

Green's political vulnerability, combined with the loud political noises emanating from Rizzo's lair, led a group of black church and civic leaders to join anti-Rizzo white liberals in a Draft Goode movement.

Goode was flattered but perplexed. He asked the Mayor's advice. Green, undecided about whether he would run for re-election, suggested that Goode do nothing to discourage his supporters. In the end, Green decided not to run and will no doubt endorse his former managing director.

Unlike previous black candidates for mayor, Goode has a racially integrated base of support. However, his main backing comes from Philadelphia's large black community. (Forty-two percent of the city's registered Democrats are black, and a registration drive now under way could raise that figure to 45 percent.)

Although most blacks who went to the polls in 1971 and 1975 voted against Rizzo, the black turnout was low. In all likelihood that won't be true this year. And 12 percent of the white Democratic vote can almost certainly be added to Goode's tally. These white liberals, many of them Jewish, gave Goode an initial edge of 10 points in the polls. A poll by Goode's staff completed in the first week of February showed that he is holding his lead.

New York Senator Moynihan's consulting firm, D.H. Sawyer and Associates, which is handling Rizzo's campaign, knows that he cannot win without broadening his base. Consequently it has targeted the lower- and middle-class Jewish voters in Northeast Philadelphia, who make up 16 percent of the Democratic registrants. To win, Rizzo needs nearly all of their votes, and so he has surrounded himself with Jewish advisers. His chief legal counsel, chief fund raiser, campaign manager, press secretary and field organizer are Jewish. Even his best friend, Al Pearlman, is Jewish. An outspoken supporter of Israel, he launched his 1971 campaign at a Histadrut dinner. And while he was

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Mayor he made sure that the city invested in Israeli bonds.

Despite Rizzo's attentiveness to them, Jews have been the only group of white Philadelphians who have consistently denied him a majority of their votes. Most Jews, like most white ethnics, vote along class lines. Professionals and members of the upper-middle class simply will not vote for Big Frank. Compared with other ethnic groups, a larger proportion of Philadelphia's Jews are in the high-income brackets. Italians, who constitute the city's biggest white ethnic group, vote for their native son across class lines.

In January the new Rizzo had his picture taken with black former heavyweight boxing champ Joe Frazier, and he proclaimed, "I've been the Mayor of all the people. . . . And I mean just that—the young, the old, rich, poor, black, white." But he is obviously hoping that a fear of blacks will drive the majority of white voters into his camp. Whether that fear is as strong as Rizzo believes it is remains to be seen, but there is still a lot of it around.

A white Catholic labor leader who dislikes Rizzo has been reluctant to endorse his black opponent. "Being for Goode is like masturbation," he said. "You're for the guy but you don't think anyone else is."

The Rizzo camp has been attempting to tie Goode to Green, hoping that some of the present Mayor's unpopularity will rub off on his popular former managing director. The problem with this tactic is that while Green is disliked for his haughtiness, there is widespread acknowledgment that the city is better run in 1983 than it was in 1979, and the man responsible for that change is W. Wilson Goode.

And, of course, the issues are not the same as they were when Rizzo last ran for mayor. Then crime was the voters' primary concern. In recession-ridden 1983, 51 percent of the voters put the economy first. Crime is a poor second at 17 percent. Rizzo's economic record was less than wonderful. Philadelphia lost more than 144,000 jobs during his years in City Hall. The plants that closed or fled to the suburbs or went South or abroad did not do so because he was the Mayor. However, he was not an inducement to people who might have considered starting a business in the city—or even visiting it. He may draw the national media, but the publicity has not helped tourism, one of the city's potential growth industries. At the height of the Bicentennial celebrations, Rizzo was thrown into a frenzy when a small group of radicals who called themselves the Get The Rich Off Our Backs Coalition requested a parade permit for July 4. He demanded that the Federal government send in troops to maintain order. Because of the bad publicity and their fears of an urban riot, the tourists stayed away. (The parade was held without incident.)

To members of the business community, that fiasco holds sour memories. Now they believe the city might be better off with a black mayor. Louis Stokes was good for Cleveland, as was Tom Bradley for Los Angeles. They think W. Wilson Goode could help Philadelphia. They are not alone.

"It's time to elect a black mayor," the labor leader who is secretly leaning toward Goode said. "Especially when he is the best-qualified candidate." □

MAYORALTIES: CHICAGO

Jane Byrne(s) Daley Fiddles Washington Hopes

DAVID MOBERG

Four years ago, Mayor Michael A. Bilandic was blamed for the city's failure to clear the deep snows of February from the streets, and an underdog rode a wave of popular discontent to victory in the Democratic primary.

That was Jane Byrne I. During the campaign, she promised to end patronage and backroom deals and to banish the "evil cabal" that ruled the city. City workers would be granted the right to bargain collectively, and blacks, whose votes she needed for victory, would be given a greater share of power. Residential neighborhoods would no longer be neglected in favor of development of the downtown Loop.

Then Jane Byrne II—"Bad Jane"—emerged. She retained members of the evil cabal, assumed control over patronage, allied herself with business leaders and bankers rather than community activists, shut blacks out of positions of power (even in departments of city government with a majority black clientele, like public housing and the schools) and precipitated strikes by firefighters, teachers and transit workers while stalling on the promised collective bargaining ordinance. Like her predecessors, she neglected residential and industrial neighborhoods in favor of downtown: since Byrne took over, nearly three fourths of the city's economic development capital has been spent on improving an area that provides less than one fifth of the city's jobs.

At times she was clever. She expanded the ChicagoFest summer extravaganza and she made a few easy political commitments, like backing the Equal Rights Amendment. For the most part, though, she tried to cozy up to the Reagan Administration, and until recently she refrained from criticizing the President's budget cuts and economic policies.

But her sharp tongue, her vindictiveness and her mercurial personality hurt her popularity. The heads of her appointees rolled regularly; City Hall acquired a "revolving door" reputation. She impetuously struck deals—such as a transit agreement with the state that resulted in a loss of more than $35 million in aid annually—that were not in the interest of those who had elected her. By last spring, despite astute gimmicks like her move into the crime-plagued Cabrini-Green public housing project for three weeks, which temporarily boosted her popularity, she looked like a one-term Mayor.

David Moberg is associate editor of In These Times.

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Enter Jane Byrne III—dubbed "Good Jane" by her former media adviser Don Rose. With a campaign fund fattened by more than $9 million in contributions from contractors doing business with the city, business people looking for favors and municipal employees, she launched a TV blitzkrieg. Her commercials portray her as a tough stateswoman who inherited a fiscal crisis and was forced to raise taxes. (The fiscal problems were real, but her politicized management of the city has made them worse, and her taxes are regressive.) Jane III is neither the populist Jane I nor the autocratic Jane II; she is an effective administrator with plans for great building projects and a World's Fair.

Byrne's television campaign and her successful transformation into Good Jane got her off to a strong start. She mobilized her patronage army and wielded the powers of incumbency, cutting ribbons at construction sites, announcing a temporary jobs program (which will terminate after the primary) and promising a weak tenants' rights proposal. Byrne represents an odd blend of the old-style machine politician and the new professional woman. An ideological chameleon, she is moved more by expediency than by any grand vision for the city.

Before Good Jane arrived on the scene, many people thought that Richard M. Daley, the 40-year-old son of "The Mayor," a former State Senator and now State's Attorney for Cook County, would be able to claim the office by divine right of succession. An old-guard mainstream Democrat who promises "good government," he had the backing of many of his father's cronies and of politicians who had been cut loose by the Byrne machine. With his noncontroversial support for mental health and nursing home reform in the State Legislature and his record of competency as State's Attorney, it was reasonable to assume that he could woo the "independents," who once considered the Daley name anathema.

Daley's campaign has been uninspired though competently run. He has called for holding the line on taxes through greater efficiency in government, for energy conservation, for "open government" and for a mélange of administrative reforms. He is a wooden speaker, as was evident in his televised debates with the other candidates, which he spiced with malapropisms in the family tradition. ("What happened to the lack of services that were promised in 1979?" is a gem from one campaign speech.) Daley supporters try to counter the widespread belief that he is not very smart by arguing that he has assembled knowledgeable and experienced advisers and has close ties to the real powers in the city, the bankers and business leaders.

Daley's brand of liberalism poses no threat to the powers that run the city, nor would it seek to alter the allocation of public funds, services or contracts, making him an attractive candidate to business. Even though his base of support is on the city's conservative Southwest Side, where fear of blacks is often barely concealed, his backers had hoped that he would also be the beneficiary of the rising discontent among black voters with a great many of Byrne's policies.

But Chicago's blacks want to take political power in their own hands. In many black wards, especially the more affluent ones, there have long been scattered defections from the Democratic machine. In 1972, the opposition crystallized as blacks, joined by white independents, rejected the re-election bid of Mayor Daley's candidate for state's attorney, Edward Hanrahan, who had organized the police raid that resulted in the murder of Black Panther Party leaders Fred Hampton and Mark Clark. In 1977, liberal Democratic State Senator Harold Washington broke with the organization and ran for mayor. He picked up only 11 percent of the vote, but in 1980 he beat the machine's "plantation politics" choice for Congress in the First District on the South Side.

Widespread black frustration with Byrne coalesced into a determination to find a candidate to challenge her. Washington was the logical choice, but he wanted to remain in Congress, where he played a leading role in saving and strengthening the Voting Rights Act and was a consistent opponent of Reaganism (ranking fifth in anti-Reagan votes, according to *Congressional Quarterly*). Unlike the many elected officials who drifted right with the Reagan tide, Washington moved left and allied himself with labor, the peace movement and the women's movement.

While Washington was hesitating about whether to challenge Byrne, a grass-roots black, white and Hispanic coalition called POWER (People Organized for Welfare and Economic Rights) was registering minority voters: more than 135,000 new black voters were signed up last fall, many of them near welfare and unemployment offices. Now about the same number of blacks are registered in Chicago as whites. Blacks voted in November in unprecedented numbers, helping the lackluster Adlai Stevenson make a far better showing in his gubernatorial race with incumbent James Thompson than anyone had expected.

Encouraged by the black turnout and prodded by members of the black community, Washington, a burly man of 60 who exudes gusto and humor, decided to enter the race. Because of his late start and lack of a campaign organization, he has had fund-raising problems from the beginning, and they have been compounded by the fact that the media and many potential supporters do not take his candidacy seriously. Also, some white liberals have gravitated to Daley as the best bet to beat Byrne. But Washington is convinced that he can win if he gets 80 percent of the black vote and at least 10 percent of the white and Hispanic vote, and if Daley and Byrne split the rest of the white vote evenly.

Arguing that the city is threatened by "fiscal time bombs" that cannot be solved with Byrne's budget juggling or regressive taxes, Washington, like Daley, has called for greater governmental efficiency. He has also called for a more progressive and increased state income tax as well as for a larger share of those tax receipts for the cities. And Washington has spoken of the need for Chicago to establish a better working relationship with downstate cities, many of which have traditionally been hostile to Chicago but are now in similar economic straits.

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By awarding contracts and jobs to minority groups, by investing in projects that will improve residential neighborhoods as well as downtown, by using public money to mobilize private investment and by taking an active role in stimulating economic development, Washington hopes to slow or reverse the flight of jobs from the city. While Chicago is better off economically than many big cities in the Midwest and Northeast, its government is less imaginative and its leaders more burdened with debilitating political debts.

Since Washington does not have encumbering ties to the Democratic machine, he would be free to make city government efficient as well as fair to the blacks, Hispanics and women who have been shortchanged by past administrations, contends his campaign research director, Harold Baron. Washington, he says, could become another Fiorello La Guardia, representing a new coalition.

But racism runs deep in Chicago. An early poll conducted by the Washington camp showed that nearly half of the electorate was unwilling to consider voting for a black. Even some blacks are reluctant to support a black candidate for mayor, arguing that he would not be able to get white support and thus would be rendered impotent. Although Washington believes in the necessity of a multiracial coalition, some of his black supporters do not take it as seriously, and that has cost him the backing of some whites and Hispanics.

Chicago's white liberals—who have a poor record of supporting black independents—appear to be split between Washington and Daley. The National Organization for Women endorsed Byrne despite the 100 percent rating that Washington's voting record in Congress on women's issues earned him from NOW. Likewise, labor is split. Byrne received the Chicago Federation of Labor's endorsement, but many black and a few white local officials are working hard for Washington, while other white local officials are backing Daley.

Washington has had other problems to overcome. In 1972 he was convicted of a misdemeanor for failing to file Federal tax returns for four years (he owed the government $508.05). His license to practice law was also suspended from 1970 to 1976 because he failed to complete legal work for five clients who had paid part of his fee in advance and because of the tax conviction. Washington has claimed he was preoccupied with public matters.

Despite these blemishes on his record, despite mistakes and poor organization, despite the limited use of television and the absence of the sophisticated trappings of most major campaigns, Washington's candidacy has attracted a large number of volunteers. He is an effective campaigner, energetic and witty. If his proposals are sometimes sketchy and less ambitious than they should be, they are nevertheless more relevant to Chicago's needs than those of his opponents.

At a candidates' forum attended mostly by whites from an ethnically and economically mixed neighborhood, support seemed evenly divided among the three candidates. A middle-aged woman who worked for an airline thought that

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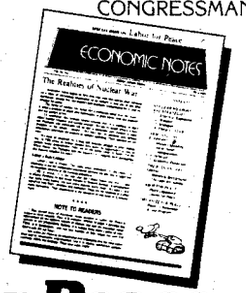

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Byrne had done well in a tough job. A young librarian admitted that he liked Washington but thought Daley's connections to the power elite might make him best able to manage the city. And a lawyer who does business with the city told me that he had been won over to Washington by the televised debates. "I have thought about voting for all three," he said. "I guess after watching them I think Washington is a forceful leader with valuable things to say, like the absolute necessity of dividing the political structure from the government structure and redressing the balance between the Loop and the neighborhoods."

If Washington wins, he hopes to be able to unify this racially divided city. A Washington victory could mean the end of the machine in Chicago and a more equitable apportionment of city funds. It would also have great significance beyond Chicago: it would be a boost to blacks attempting to take political power in other cities and it would chalk up a victory for the left wing of the Democratic Party.

The political message of a Washington victory could make a difference to the course that the Democrats, and ultimately the country, take in undoing the debilitating policies of the right. □

Chicago Boys

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

including the inner circles of the regime itself. There is a growing disquiet and sense of insecurity among middle-class Chileans, a feeling that events are out of control, that the stability which was perceived as the positive accomplishment of the dictatorship is disintegrating. Pinochet's authoritarian policies now seem less a protective shield against the left than a wall behind which an unresponsive regime is huddling while the rest of society falls apart.

The marked economic decline threw the Friedmanites into disarray, resulting in a rapid turnover in the top echelon of economic advisers. Three different teams were sent in to stem the downward slide in 1982, and each one failed.

Economic realities and political pressures forced the Friedmanites to abandon their free-market ideology and resort to governmental intervention. Last fall a massive bail-out operation was launched to save the banks. Overdue or unrecoverable bank loans totaled more than $1 billion—half the banking system's capital and reserves—and the state stepped in, buying up the banks' bad debts and letting the debtors go under. In return for absorbing the bad debts, the government assumed control over profits and dividend payments, and will monitor all lending to prevent conflicts of interest between corporations and banks. The free-market ideologues knew that without state supervision, financiers would channel credit to companies in which they had a financial interest.

Tied to this move was a "purge" of industry. The banking authorities drew up a list of "viable" and "unviable" corporate debtors; the "unviable" ones were required to declare bankruptcy.

The present financial collapse comes in the wake of the 1976-79 boomlet, when the G.N.P. grew at an annual rate of 8 percent and the conservative foreign press hailed the "economic miracle" in Chile. *Time, The Economist* and *The Wall Street Journal* were particularly effusive. Said *The Journal*: "Chile should lend us their economic team. Economists who can simultaneously reduce inflation, tariffs and unemployment are welcome in Washington." But much of the miraculous growth of those years was in trade and services, and was largely based on speculation, imports and credit from abroad. What President Reagan likes to call "the magic of the marketplace" did not conjure up badly needed investments in productive and innovative new businesses. Instead, capital gravitated to a small group of conglomerates. Rather than use the money to expand and modernize, these companies bought up public properties, mainly manufacturing firms and banks, that the government had auctioned off in an effort to cut the budget deficit.

The operation of the free market thus rewarded the large conglomerates without increasing the productivity of the economy as a whole. This intensified Chile's dependence on the world market, to the neglect of local manufacturers and the domestic market. As a result, the Chilean economy was highly sensitive to the international business climate. When Rolf Luders, one of the shifting cast of finance ministers, blamed Chile's problems on the worldwide depression, he failed to mention that his (and his predecessors') strategy called for closer ties between the domestic economy and foreign markets and capital.

In their desperation, the Chicago Boys committed other monetarist heresies. They devalued the peso twice in six months, imposed currency controls and raised taxes. As Chile's financial house of cards started to collapse, the middle class panicked and began to buy dollars, setting off a run on the peso and draining the nation's foreign currency reserves. The regime was forced to intervene to stabilize the peso, and it placed a limit on the amount of dollars Chileans could purchase.

The purpose of the devaluations was to reduce the trade deficit by making Chilean goods cheaper and foreign goods more expensive. The measure was personally painful to General Pinochet, who had identified the solidity of the peso with the stability of his regime, but his economic advisers told him he had no choice. The devaluations had a devastating effect on thousands of the dictator's supporters in the business community and the middle class. Many of them had gone into debt on the strength of their belief that the regime was looking out for their interests. There is now an estimated $7.5 billion in outstanding private debt, but the devaluation of the peso makes it unlikely that it will be repaid in the near future. Especially hard-hit have been scores of truck and bus owners—the same people who helped topple Allende, enabling Pinochet to take power. Repossessions of big-ticket consumer goods—cars, TVs, refrigerators—have become commonplace. The delinquen-

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cy rate of mortgages on medium-sized family farms is skyrocketing.

Chile's deficit has also skyrocketed; it equals 20 percent of the current budget. The deficit is another example of what happens when free-market policy makers let their dogma blind them to reality. In 1981, 70 percent of the government's revenues came from regressive indirect taxes—mainly the value-added tax on consumer goods—and those revenues have dropped precipitously as a result of the current depression. Since the economists did not foresee the slump, they failed to anticipate the fall in revenues. To meet the deficit, they increased income taxes, cut public spending and investment and sold off the remaining state-owned firms.

Rather than admit their failure, Chile's economic administrators have blamed the victims. For example, Miguel Kast, former president of the Central Bank, announced that "the main cause" of unemployment was high wage levels (actually, wages are depressed), the minimum wage law and cost-of-living escalator clauses in labor contracts.

Finance Minister Luders has proposed lowering wages 16 percent to solve the unemployment problem. The regime has also called for eliminating workplace health and safety regulations—another attempt to shift the consequences of the government's disastrous policies onto the backs of the workers.

An increasing number of Chileans, rich and poor, no longer accept such evasions, and support for the Chicago Boys has now evaporated. Says Andre Fontaine, a prominent businessman: "Something must be done so that companies can make money in Chile."

According to Fontaine and other business leaders, the restoration of confidence and the creation of a favorable climate for investment depends on lower interest rates, higher import tariffs and government subsidies for promoting exports—all interventionist policies that are not to be found in the free-market texts of the Chicago Boys. The National Agrarian Society demanded a moratorium on all farm mortgage foreclosures. The bankers wanted the state to bail them out of their bad debts. Debtors asked for help in averting bankruptcy.

Last November, a group of trade associations issued the Declaration of Valdivia, which demanded that the government freeze all debt payments, halt the auctioning off of private farming property and institute measures to revitalize the economy. If the regime fails to heed these demands, the associations threaten to withhold all payments of taxes to the state. Already some entrepreneurs have blocked two state-organized auctions in Valdivia. One Chilean wryly noted, "The free-market policies of the Chicago Boys destroyed more private enterprises in the past year than the most radical sectors of Allende's coalition dreamed of nationalizing in three years; they have turned more middle-class people into proletarians or unemployed than any Marxist textbook ever described."

Trade union opposition to the regime is growing, and there is increasing unity among previously diverse groups. The industrial and mining unions, led by the National Trade Union Confederation (C.N.S.), organized a nationwide campaign against further salary reductions, wage freezes and layoffs. Despite the arrests of some of its leaders by the secret police, the C.N.S. campaign has become a rallying point for textile, machinist, mining and public employee unions. Economic hard times have contributed to the growing militancy of the unions. A wave of strikes has swept through a variety of industries. Even in San Antonio, a city hitherto known for its docile labor force, a union meeting to express solidarity with the unemployed drew more than 600 workers.

Some on the right, reflecting the profound discontent among property owners, have moved toward an alliance with the Christian Democrats—and are considering closer ties with the social democratic left as well. Jaime Guzman, one of the authors of Pinochet's Constitution, advocates cooperation between the "democratic opposition" and the regime to save Chile from disaster.

In his growing isolation, Pinochet is turning to the United States for military and economic assistance. He is also attempting to project a "populist" image. He has announced his willingness to consider allowing the return of some political exiles and has even offered minor democratic reforms, such as the formation of municipal development councils whose members would be popularly elected.

Pinochet may be clever enough to initiate the new course, but it is possible that his regime will be overthrown first. For the economic struggle in Chile is no longer primarily between the propertied and the propertyless classes, both of which face extinction or penury under the current free-market policies. The likely result of the economic crisis is the emergence of a movement embracing all classes and most political tendencies that will try to displace the Chilean version of Reaganomics. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Dinesen's Voyage Out

PHYLLIS ROSE

ISAK DINESEN: The Life of a Storyteller. *By Judith Thurman. St. Martin's Press. 512 pp. $19.95.*

Isak Dinesen did not start writing in a serious and sustained way until her life—her life in the body as opposed to the imagination—was over. She was past 40. Her marriage to Swedish Baron Bror Blixen had ended in divorce. Her great love affair with English aristocrat Denys Finch Hatton had ended with his death in a plane crash. She had lost the place she cared most about, the coffee farm in Africa where she had spent close to twenty years, and had been forced to return to her native Denmark, which she found inimical to her spirit. Syphilis, contracted from her husband, was affecting her spine—her body would be disintegrating for the rest of her life. The decay of her body and the closing down of her erotic life were the price she had to pay for her gifts as a writer. That, at any rate, was how she saw the story of her life, and that is how Judith Thurman has chosen to tell it in this beautifully written, energetically researched and absorbing biography.

This is, in the words of the subtitle, "the life of a storyteller," but Dinesen in no way set out to make herself a storyteller. She turned to writing only when she had no place else to go, when she was backed into a corner. At the age of 41, when it became clear that she was likely to lose her African farm, she played with the idea of running a hotel for blacks in Djibouti or Marseilles. She thought about earning her living as a cook and even apprenticed herself, on a visit home, to a Copenhagen chef. She thought about making a marriage of convenience with one of three wealthy Englishmen—none of them her lover. Her voice came to her, Thurman says, "only when she had lived enough to make a 'reckoning' with her losses, rather than through continuous exercise of her craft."

Phyllis Rose is the author of Woman of Letters *(Oxford), a biography of Virginia Woolf. Her next book,* Parallel Lives: Five Victorian Marriages, *will be published by Knopf in the fall.*

Thurman has been greatly influenced by Walter Benjamin's idea that a person has to accept death and forgo life before he or she can become a storyteller. This melodramatic notion actually works rather well for Dinesen—and for various other women writers—if "forgoing life" is understood to mean ceasing to live so as to please men and to secure for oneself a satisfying sexual life. To women who value creativity and who also value a stable, conventional family life, it must be disturbing that none of the great women writers of Dinesen's generation managed to have both. I mean the generation that came to maturity in the 1920s—Virginia Woolf, Willa Cather, Gertrude Stein. The raffish Colette came the closest to "normalcy," and even she suggests (especially in *The Vagabond*) the necessity of sexual sacrifice.

Dinesen was clear about the need for—and the cost of—such a trade-off. "You know that I have said that I would like to be a Catholic priest," she wrote to her brother, "and I still maintain this—and I am not far from being one—but he would have to be more than human if he did not sometimes heave a sigh on seeing the lights lit in the windows and the family circles gathered together." For her, there was to be creativity, but no intimacy. She would give up on life, but she would live in art: "I promised the Devil my soul, and in return he promised me that everything I was going to experience hereafter would be turned into tales." Perhaps Dinesen was making the same point in a different way when she told a feminist gathering that a woman's business, sexually speaking, was "charm," and confessed that if she were a man it would be out of the question for her to fall in love with a woman writer.

Although she was a rebellious young woman, always chafing against her prosperous family and the middle-class morality of her country, it took her more than forty years and a bad case of syphilis to recover fully from the notion that she had to live *through* a man and to relinquish charm (if, indeed, she ever did that). On the intriguing subject of the men in Dinesen's life, Thurman fills in excellently where, in *Out of Africa*, Dinesen is elusive. What was the husband like who brought her to Africa, who made her actually take "the voyage out" that Virginia Woolf only imagined? "Maddeningly without moods." "One of the most durable, congenial, promiscuous, and prodigal creatures who ever lived." Thurman's thumbnail sketches are acute, generous, frequently witty. For Bror Blixen, "conquest in all its forms, though particularly of large mammals, was the central passion." Blixen was the model for Hemingway's great white hunter in "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber." Dinesen was attracted to his aristocratic prodigality and to his aggressively male enthusiasms. She was not appalled when he gave her the syphilis he had probably contracted from a Masai woman. It was an enlargement of her experience, a spiritual opportunity. (Is that, too, typical of women writers—that pathetic grasping at every piece of bad luck as "experience," an escape from the usual constrictions of women's lives? Dinesen regarded her syphilis much the way Woolf did her insanity.) It was Blixen, finally, who asked for a divorce in order to marry someone else.

Dinesen did not want to divorce him. For her, love and marriage were quite separate things. She wanted to keep intact both her marriage and her relationship with Denys Finch Hatton, who, it is quite clear, would never have married her. Irresistibly charming, handsome, well educated, the son of the Earl of Winchilsea, a kind of Sebastian Flyte without the dissoluteness, Finch Hatton guarded his independence jealously. He went on frequent safaris. He took frequent trips back to England. He dropped in on "Tania," as Dinesen was known to her friends, when he felt like it, but rarely for a long stretch. Their pleasure together was made keener by the awareness of his impending departure. The threat of loss played a part in even her happiest moments. "Only those who are prepared to die can live freely" was one of the mottoes she lived by. She courted death, welcomed the edge it gave to life. Her erotic highs—whether with Blixen or Finch Hatton—seem to have come on hunting safaris. (She would have scorned photographic safaris as putting nothing at stake.) When a lion threatened her farm, Dinesen resisted her manager's plea to lay a poisoned trap for it. She considered poison ignoble. She and Finch Hatton would face the lion directly—their lives against its life. "Let

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us go," she said to her lover with the offhand grandeur she so admired, "and risk our entirely worthless lives."

Thurman brings to bear on the story of the growth of Dinesen's identity all the intensity and intelligence one might bring to bear on the story of the growth of a nation. At times this seems faintly ludicrous. The book is draped in reverence. Nevertheless, her treatment is always thoughtful and richly informed, and I suppose if we take the growth of an imaginative life seriously, we must be prepared for a chapter on the significance to Dinesen of her Aunt Bess, and another on the contrast between the temperaments of her mother's family and her father's. The effect of presenting Dinesen's early experiences as so uniformly meaningful, however, is to make the great work of her later years seem somehow inevitable. The late works are continually invoked to dignify earlier traumas, conflicts, adventures. Future and past reify each other.

For example, Dinesen shoots a lion and sees it flayed. She admires its physical structure. It has no fat whatsoever. "That economy," comments Thurman, "was a quality she would strive for in her own works of art, her own figure, and her fate." Not only is this beating a dead lion but it gives a false sense of the relationship between experience and art. Thurman seems to believe that it is what one has done, what one has lost, what one has accepted that makes one a writer. Isn't there more—more of a strictly literary nature—to it than that? A fuller discussion of the writing Dinesen did when she was still in Africa, and of the actual production of *Seven Gothic Tales*, *Out of Africa* and *Winter's Tales* when she returned to Denmark, would have given us a greater sense of the specifically literary reality of Dinesen's life.

Americans have always loved Isak Dinesen, and she felt particularly close to her American audience. *Seven Gothic Tales*, her first book, was accepted for publication in the United States before anywhere else and was received more enthusiastically here than in Dinesen's native country. Almost all her books were Book-of-the-Month Club selections, and since Dinesen confused this distinction with literary prizes rewarding merit, it meant a great deal to her. When she finally visited America, in her 70s, close to death, weighing less than eighty-five pounds, bones enclosed in skin and swathed in furs and a turban, her carefully constructed public persona—a mixture of witch, grande dame and *memento mori*—went over much better with Americans than it did with Danes, who sometimes found her absurd and affected.

Because of the particular bond between Dinesen and her American audience, it seems right that an American should have written this most satisfying and intelligently sympathetic portrait of her life, perpetuating the illusion—which Dinesen, an aristocrat by choice if not by birth, would certainly have wanted perpetuated—that her work was the product not of daily effort or hard thought but of her experience and her spirit. □

Speaking to the Moment

GRACE SCHULMAN

THE STATIC ELEMENT: Selected Poems of Natan Zach. *Translated by Peter Everwine and Shulamit Yasny-Starkman. Atheneum. 73 pp. $12.95. Paper $7.95.*

Scrupulously austere, Natan Zach is an unnerving, fiercely demanding poet who celebrates the recovery of the spiritual self by relentlessly stripping away life's comforts and illusions.

An Israeli who was born in Berlin in 1930 and spent the first years of his life there, Zach shares with certain Eastern European and Latin American writers (I think of János Pilinsky and Carlos Drummond de Andrade) directness, lean diction and sharp observation of concrete things.

Zach's search for consequence in the modern world necessitates the distrust of love, communication, intentional acts and human wishes; he denies self-indulgence and even tenderness. His is a negative, disturbing, powerful voice. And yet this book, a selection of Zach's work from 1955 through 1979, is the first of his volumes we have in America, and the only one in English but for a hard-to-obtain pamphlet published in England sixteen years ago.

The book opens with "Be Careful," a guarded, reserved admonition, in a voice that is at once starkly reductive and lyrical:

> Be careful. Open your life
> only to the wind that has touched
> distance.
> Suffer the absent. Speak up
> only in the nights of solitude . . .

and the poem ends, again, with a warning: "Don't expect."

In later poems, the cautionary note recurs: "Lie in wait; surprise yourself/ in secrecy, in blood"; "The courage to wait/is greater than the courage to confess." And in what might be a later reflection on "Be Careful," he prescribes the act of taking in, discreetly, immediate sensations:

> Be attentive, feel, touch carefully.
> Breathe in
> the light, harder. Illuminate
> each cloud. It's passing. And night
> won't wait.
>
> ("Be Attentive")

Zach's dry, barren diction dramatizes the process of inner discovery, as though writing, for him, were an act of remaining alive within himself. His poetics is adumbrated in "The Problem," from *North-Easterly*, his most recent volume:

> The problem, of course, is to shape
> a form
> like a diamond, but also like an
> ample bed
> where a man can stretch without
> knocking his head against a wall,
> and like a taut string
> with no corners to catch dust.
>
> . . .
>
> Here, cunning is required. This is the
> static element:
> to speak to the moment, like a
> journalist,
> and hope it will stretch a little
> or as much as possible.

The "problem," throughout Zach's work, is writing of present life in a world of change. Nature—clouds, the seasons—is the "dynamic element," while art is the "static element," embodying the need to stop time, to freeze it for a moment, to make communication genuine. Impermanence is our condition: "What is carved in stone keeps being erased."

Change brings about disillusionment and, consequently, silence, for the effort at speech proves futile. The speaker of "Not Everything" cries out: "And still I've not said everything/I still have more to say." Stifling an impulse to ac-

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cept convenient lies, the poet speaks tersely and only "to the moment" as a way of renewing language. His intensity is contained in what is not said. Hence the bare utterance, the flat diction.

Zach's poetics is the combative element in a world without connection, and with no foundation for love. An astonishing early poem, "From Year to Year It," is a dialogue between a despairing man and an optimistic woman, both speaking intimately, yet each incapable of reaching the other. Another early work, "Failure," is a bleak poem of deceptively quiet, forceful authority:

> Seven times the wolf said to the lamb,
> Beware! On the eighth he devoured it.
>
> What brought me to want
> whatever it is the heart wants?
>
> Or led me to believe I might divide
> water from water
>
> that cannot be divided
> and only in the sky
>
> is altered to air?
> Meanwhile
>
> only the heart is still there, wishful
> as ever
>
> and whatever was not fished up
> on its hook.

Here and elsewhere, Zach writes ironically of the futility of desire: the stronger the heart's wishes, the more they are thwarted. From the beginning, the aspiring man knows his dreams are doomed to fail, yet he is compelled to dream, and to take action.

Zach has affinities with Vasko Popa of Yugoslavia, and with Octavio Paz of Mexico, in his original use of the surrealist tradition—his apprehension of the marvelous in everyday life—and in his use of ordinary objects to render the familiar world extraordinary. Vasko Popa's "White Pebble" ("Without heads without limbs/it appears") has strong resemblances to Zach's "Twilight":

> To be a stone is the dream of everyone,
> but in their dream everyone carries a
> stone
>
> and water covers the dream
> and light wraps the face of the
> water . . .

His use of objects in this way involves the evocation of archetypes, myths that lie close to the unconscious and exist in us all. In his mythmaking and in his considered reticence, he is, of course, far removed from the passionate, patriotic writers of a previous generation in Israel, but he shares with his Israeli contemporaries a way of juxtaposing biblical events with modern life. Unlike the major writers in English early in the century—T.S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, James Joyce—who contrasted modern man ironically with classical figures, Zach lessens the remoteness of biblical characters by exhibiting a jocular human familiarity with them ("I've never understood Samson's hair"). Here is his acerbic retelling of the story of Genesis:

> When God first said Let there be light
> He meant it would not be dark for
> Him . . .
>
> . . .
>
> He didn't think then
> about people in their multitude,
> but they already were standing apart
> from the fig leaves,
> unraveling in their hearts
> a scheme about pain.
> ("When God First Said")

Zach's pessimism fades in occasional radiant moments that occur, usually, by chance and in spite of darkness. At such moments, he finds the phoenix "is not a mythological creature. It is here among us,/but it's rare." And

> The secret of beauty lies
> in the effortless. A graceful thing
> doesn't beat its wings—it sails,
> floats, hovers
> beyond the reach of antennas . . .
> ("A Stranger Won't Understand")

Actually, it is Natan Zach's toughness, his knowledge of despair, that make such heightened moments possible. The harder his diction, the more credible his compassion and the greater his praise. It is as though he has withdrawn from the comfortable certainties to find a life heightened by his resistance to them, and deepened by integrity. Such poetry demands rigorous discipline and a flawless ear for controlling the mixture of laconic diction and charged language. Such poetry places hard demands on the translator's art: here Zach is translated admirably, with music, tact and skill, by Peter Everwine, an American whose own poetry is at once spare and lyrical, and Shulamit Yasny-Starkman, a native Israeli. □

Tumbleweed Fiction

GERALD JAY GOLDBERG

A NEW HISTORY OF TORMENTS. *By Zulfikar Ghose. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 303 pp. $16.50.*

Botanically speaking, fiction writers fall into two major divisions—the Faulkners, rooted to one particular geographical patch, and the Nabokovs, or wandering tumbleweeds. The former are impossible to transplant. The latter thrive anywhere.

Zulfikar Ghose is an adaptable tumbleweed. Born in what is now Pakistan, he moved with his family to Bombay in 1942, and to England ten years later. Although currently teaching in Texas, he does not, I suspect, consider himself to be as American as April in Austin. His work, at any rate, reflects the anxiety of the displaced.

The themes of rootlessness, disorder and alienation run deep in Ghose's novels, short stories and poems, and they are central to *A New History of Torments*, his labyrinthine latest novel. Brazil, where much of the book's action takes place, seems to have the fascination for him that the Congo had for Conrad (another tumbleweed); he has used it before in his picaresque novel, *The Incredible Brazilian,* published in 1972. The Brazil that Ghose's deracinated characters traverse, in which a hapless lad may be held in a pit and forced to stud any number of Amazons, is an exotic never-never land. As realism, it is no more convincing than the Africa of *Henderson the Rain King.* But realism is not what Ghose is after.

The curtain rises on a pastoral scene—rows of rose bushes and a distant prospect of snow-capped mountains against a limpid sapphire sky. On the terrace overlooking his prosperous ranch, Jorge Rojas has painted a thick blue line to indicate the exact position of the equator. Rojas stands at the outset of the novel with a foot in each hemisphere and fancies that by so doing he has "effected their unification and thus secured for the earth an essential . . . harmony." The destruction of this harmony results in the torments the author chronicles, and though Rojas sets the tangled melodrama in motion, he is as much the victim of his own lust as he is a villain.

Gerald Jay Goldberg's most recent novel is Heart Payments *(Viking).*

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After twenty-two more or less contented years of marriage, Rojas becomes obsessed with Margarita, a young beauty he has only just met and whom he wishes to make the mistress of his property. Why? Why not? The course of action here is as fated as Greek myth, and one is not allowed to ask too many questions. In Thebes, when Athamas abruptly abandons his wife to marry Ino, all hell breaks loose. And so it does in Ghose's novel, for his is a world of oracles and doom. Rojas's wife, Manuela, resigns herself to the thankless role of long-suffering woman, convinced that "it was inevitable that men commit those wrongs that dried up rivers and burned crops under a ferocious sun."

A black cloud of fate hangs over the house of Rojas. Manuela spots it immediately. So, too, do her Indian soothsayer and Jorge's lawyer; even Margarita foresees "the outlines of a disruption, the scattering of Rojas's family, the breaking up of an order." Manuela flees, and Raphael and Violeta, her two grown children, are separated from their home and each other.

In the fiction of the rooted, the emphasis tends to be on character and self-exploration; Ghose gives us unlikely predicaments and external dangers. Sudden threats come with a mechanical regularity that borders on farce. No sooner does Raphael leave home than he is robbed at gunpoint. Violeta barely escapes being raped. Ignorant of each other's whereabouts, brother and sister find sanctuary for a time on neighboring estates. Pledged anything he desires by his host, Raphael marries the man's attractive daughter for whom "even the tips of his teeth had terrible longings," and is promptly betrayed by her. Violeta's bizarre agreement to be the first to sleep with the man her friend loves leads to her destruction.

A New History of Torments is a book in which the tail of plot often seems to be wagging the canine of character. The one character who almost transcends this limitation is Mark Kessel. He is a middle-aged idealist who has selflessly devoted his life to revolutionary causes in order to free the oppressed, only to discover belatedly the seductive joys of property and power. He assumes the role of oppressor with all the vim of the newly converted and, credibility aside, the transformation is riveting. Describing the thousand workers now in his employ, Kessel speaks enthusiastically, even gaily, of "slaves" and "chains"; he condemns his former revolutionary associates as "political thugs," and humanity itself as "the scum of mediocrities who populated the earth." One is, of course, reminded of Conrad's Kurtz—that other do-gooder—and his final advice on improving the lot of the Congo natives: "Exterminate all the brutes!"

Kessel, too, has murder on his mind. In a scheme to eliminate his nephew Jason, the rightful owner of Kessel's tobacco plantation, he sends the young innocent down the Amazon on a quest he cannot possibly survive. That Jason, his fate improbably linked to the Rojas family, actually lives to tell the tale is hard to believe. Nevertheless, the droll and dangerous events that befall this Brazilian Candide as he makes his laborious way from Manaus to Iquitos are, despite much wooden dialogue, the highlights of the novel. Only a curmudgeon would point out that the boat trip which cost Jason thousands of dollars and countless lumps might have been made by plane in comfort for $223 any Wednesday or Saturday on a subsidiary of Varig Brazilian Airlines.

For all the disasters that mangle the Rojas family and the people around it, Manuela nevertheless believes that "all states of disorder [are] temporary." And so does the author. Not surprisingly, a tumbleweed dreams of a vanished Arcadia and yearns for lost roots. In the end, the parched land receives its ritual rain and the Rojas clan returns to the old homestead. That is, all except Violeta, who commits suicide when she discovers that the man she has slept with is, in fact, her brother.

One wonders what to make of a world where, though the father is the adulterer, the innocent daughter must be sacrificed to remove the curse from the family. Zulfikar Ghose makes of it *A New History of Torments* but, despite the novel's mythical trappings, it seems like the same old sexist history to me. □

Because It's There

DENNIS DRABELLE

SAVAGE ARENA. *By Joe Tasker. St. Martin's Press. 288 pp. $18.95.*

At several places in this peril-laden book, British mountaineer Joe Tasker rebuts the charge that climbing expresses a death wish. "Rather than being suicidal," he writes, "the climbers I know all love life and fight furiously to hold onto it." Yet the survival rate among habitual high-altitude climbers is probably less than 50 percent. Though in these seven accounts of his own climbs Tasker is not interested in probing deeply into the motives for taking such risks, he strews ample raw material for those of us who are.

Tasker's accounts center on the great Himalayan pinnacles and include two foiled attempts on K2. (One of the reasons Tasker is convincing in disclaiming a death wish is that he seems to know when to retreat.) Gawky as a stylist—he finds one route up a mountain "more preferable" to another—Tasker is nonetheless a riveting narrator. On K2 he and his comrades were struck by two avalanches in rapid succession. For a while one of the climbers was bagged in the bottom of the tent, hanging over a precipice, "only the tent fabric preventing him from plunging down 10,000 feet of mountain." Tasker's report of this ordeal is four pages of taut, meticulous storytelling.

Some of his most striking passages evoke the toll that top-of-the-world climbing can exact. On Dunagiri, Tasker had to go without water for two days; he could hardly eat because his esophagus had dried out and become inflamed. Meanwhile, his cohort Dick Renshaw "had discovered a couple of squares of chocolate when he had finally settled into his sleeping bag and sat up while eating them. Suddenly he became aware that he had finished the chocolate and was nibbling at his own fingers, which were dark, hard, and unyielding as the chocolate had been. The ends of his fingers were senseless and frozen."

After recalling an incident in which he helped bury four American climbers at the foot of Changabang, Tasker offers the profoundest statement of his motivation: "If I did not do something to the limit, if I had not channeled my energies into climbing, I would not be a person liked or disliked, but someone mediocre." Except for the puzzling

Dennis Drabelle is a writer who specializes in environmental issues.

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reference to likableness (aren't many people willing to settle for mediocrity *because* they want to be liked?), this explanation harks back to a point H.G. Wells made in *Tono-Bungay*: "You can go through contemporary life fudging and evading, indulging and slacking, never really hungry nor frightened nor passionately stirred, your highest moment a mere sentimental orgasm, and your first real contact with primary and elemental necessities, the sweat of your death-bed."

But there is something more at work in Tasker's makeup than a need to escape the mundane. An agnostic ex-seminarian, Tasker seems to be climbing for an absolute. Not a transcendental absolute but one of action, a peerless exercise of will and athletic prowess that Hemingway might have written about, if only it involved crowds.

Attaining this absolute—that is, combining one's measured skill and incalculable élan to overcome extreme danger and privation—requires self-sacrifice and endurance. Breaking a new trail on Changabang, Tasker reflects: "It had been absorbed into my subconscious many years before that physical discomfort was a valuable penance and I sometimes wondered whether our penances and frequent deprival of physical pleasure did indeed benefit our souls and make us better people." Elsewhere he acknowledges once having the attitude that "you could not be a climber if you were a 'bad person.'"

Expeditionary climbers assume sacerdotal functions—burying the dead, chronicling their exploits, invoking their names. There is a hagiology of climbers killed or missing in action. Among the venerable departed that Tasker mentions are Nanda Devi Unsoeld, the young American who died on the Himalayan peak after which she was named, and Art Gilkey, who, ill with

At the Monument to Pierre Louÿs

Jardin du Luxembourg

Sage nor Saint nor Soldier—these were not
the sobriquets he fastened onto Fame:
let other men indulge the mummery
endorsed by these obsequious thoroughfares

with such abandon, yard by gravelled yard—
theirs would not be the idols he adored.
What *were* the sacred semblances he chose
to traffic in? And did they cheat his trust?

Inchmeal moss has muddled the design:
a palm? a laurel? or an aureole
as futile as anathemas would be?
The cenotaph *his own estate* bequeathed

(as though forewarned no Popular Demand
would pay a sculptor, specify a plot
and meet the tariff of Perpetual Care)—
the cenotaph! obtrusive as it is,

thwarts all my efforts at decipherment.
Just as well. There is no cause to mind
whatever mutilations have occurred
as though in nothing solider than mud,

to mourn what the successive rain has made
of this "immutable" monstrosity
erected to an undermined career
beginning only when—as History does—

the tale it has to tell attains its end.
Appropriate decay: like "other men"
he lived in search of what he saw as joy,
ecstatic consolations. *There she stands!*

Balancing an urn as effortlessly
as if no more than his very ashes swelled
its brimming load, behind the stele looms
an academic Naiad rather worse

for wear but rising (the intent is clear)
gently from the reeds' enjambment—she
is cold but she is patient, waiting for
the furtive metal of her eyes to fill . . .

Glancing back in haste to catechize
her shoulders where they falter, suddenly
she catches up a hank of molten hair
and wrings it out as if it had become

another green, wet, heavy nenuphar:
she waits for the tune of little drops to fall . . .
Also appropriate: what else remains
of him but *l'odeur de la femme,* page after page?

And even that would soon evaporate
without the fickle traces of three friends
(Valéry desisted, Gide despised;
Debussy was good as his word, but managed to die)

—save for such captious cameraderies,
nothing would survive a period taste
but this absurd contraption: brazen Muse
and marble slab on which all syllables

erode but APHRODITE BILITÍS
the rest is . . . silly. Who was Pierre Louÿs?
The real names of the poems in his books,
for all their happy Sapphic hoaxes, are

. . . *and Other Poems.* Night after night he wrote
as if there were a tide to float him on,
nacre enough to laminate his itch—
who was it called him an oyster inside a pearl?

If once and for all he could make chance into choice,
change what he had to love to what he wanted to . . .
Forever hostage to the chiding animal,
he was elided. In his will was no

peace, as he learned whenever a meal came late
or the nearest pissotière was occupied:
the change never ceases, never being complete.
There *is* a tide in the affairs of men,

but apt to strand them high and dry. You haunt
my frequentations of your great
contemporaries like a thirsty ghost . . .
I read you, *mon semblable, mon Pierre!*

Richard Howard

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thrombophlebitis, presumably cut himself loose from his moorings on K2 to spare his comrades the overwhelming burden of carrying him down.

Tasker's emphasis on the sacrificial and penitential aspects of climbing has about it something of a Grail quest, a striving for sanctity. Tasker and other climbers tend to speak reverently of their experiences and to assert that at the heart of their sport is an impenetrable mystery: they don't really know why—or at least can't articulate why—they let themselves in for such suffering, why they continue to flout that hideous death rate. There seems to be little room left in the world for exercising the cleansing valor for which Tasker trained himself. And, unfortunately, he couldn't get enough purification to satisfy himself by his chosen method. In May of 1982, a few weeks after finishing *Savage Arena*, Joe Tasker and his favorite climbing partner disappeared high on Mt. Everest. □

THEATER.

RICHARD GILMAN

The Misanthrope

Americans never seem to get Molière right and probably never will, but the Circle in the Square's current production of *The Misanthrope* has enough going for it to make it very much worth seeing. If Stephen Porter's understanding of the play seems thin and his direction lacking in the animation so necessary to Molière, and if the majority of the cast can't manage the verbal rhythms and especially the rhymes, there's compensation in Richard Wilbur's splendid verse translation and, even more, in Brian Bedford's superbly supple and intelligent performance in the title role.

Before I talk about Wilbur's and Bedford's contributions, a word about the play and another about the production in general. *The Misanthrope* may be Molière's greatest work as well as a key to all his other plays, but it's also been perhaps his most misunderstood one. For several centuries, commentators as diverse as Rousseau and Goethe have offered their opinions of it and have been, for a range of reasons, largely wrong. Or rather, since there's not of course a precisely "right" *Misanthrope*, their exegeses have been inadequate, for the play is much more complex, denser and "darker" than has usually been seen.

The grossest of mistakes is to view it as merely a comedy of manners; a more subtle and common error is to regard it as a study of misplaced idealism or of the inability to attain truth and "authenticity" in a world of formalized vanity. But Alceste, the misanthrope, is closer to Dostoyevsky's extreme world than to that of Restoration comedy or the universes of Shaw or Wilde. Instead of being a moral scourge or a prophetic if misguided seeker after honesty, he's a monster of egotism desperately seeking the love and admiration of those he professes to despise and yet unable to return that love or friendship. In Martin Buber's modern formulation, Alceste is the "I" incapable of recognizing the "thou."

Moreover, as Lionel Gossman says in the best single study of Molière I know (*Men and Masks*), he is a "comedian who acts as if he were not one, and who is completely trapped by his role." It's these aspects of the play that Porter mostly misses, although Bedford keeps working to reveal them. Porter, a rather square and somnolent director in the things I've seen him do, stages the play as though it *were* essentially a drawing-room comedy—Célimène's suitors, for example, are all much more foppish than they should be—although he does allow, or Bedford forces him to allow, some of the metaphysical pathology, the soulless monomania of the protagonist, to come through.

It isn't Porter's fault that most of his actors can't handle Molière's poetry. They don't mangle it, but they lose its intensity and movement, either by disguising it as prose or stressing it too much, coming down on the rhymes, for instance, as though to let *us* know that they know.

Still, Wilbur's lovely, witty rendering survives. Like his other Molière translations, this *Misanthrope* is a fusion of accuracy and justifiable liberties, the latter taken in the interest of lively contemporariness. Among the rhymes I jotted down (getting the rhymes right is one true test of a translator's success) were "Alceste" and "second-best" and "I'm not so interested as you suppose/in Célimène's discarded gigolos."

Which brings me to Brian Bedford. That he's English may or may not account for his skill in *speaking* verse and not either running away from or declaiming it, but it probably helps. As a reviewer has pointed out, his wig does

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make him look a little too much like Benjamin Franklin, but that's the only cavil I have. Bedford *knows* the play and the part; on the surface comically outraged, beneath that in black despair, his Alceste is extraordinarily complex but not fussily complicated. He squinches, stamps his foot, knots himself up and then expands; he's sonorous, arch and studiedly martyred by turns; offering us the literal verse, he extends himself to the deeper poetry, playing the truth of falseness. My encomiums runneth over. □

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

Muddy River
The Year of Living Dangerously
The Road Warrior

Japan's costume dramas are as bombastic as anything the screen can offer, but its domestic films tend to be low-keyed, preoccupied with relationships rather than incidents, gently melancholy. Like Japanese gardens, they are meant for contemplation.

Yasujiro Ozu, whose work deals frequently with the interplay between generations in middle-class Japanese society, is the most celebrated director of this school; *Tokyo Story, Early Spring, Late Autumn* and the others have become classics of movie repertory. Now a newcomer, Kohei Oguri, applies the same method to working-class people. If his touch in *Muddy River* is not quite as sure as Ozu's was, it must be added that he is at the start of his career. His first picture is a work of compassionate concern.

Nubuo, age 10, lives with his parents in a workmen's restaurant they run on the riverbank of Osaka. The father, a veteran of World War II, is haunted by a suspicion that his dead comrades are happier in their heroes' graves than he in the poverty of his present life. The mother, considerably younger, possesses a gaiety shadowed by the guilt she feels at having taken her husband from his first wife. Nubuo is an active, somewhat solitary boy.

One day a small houseboat docks near the restaurant. A boy of about Nubuo's age and a somewhat older girl are busy about the deck and along the quay, but no adult appears. The children, Kiichi and his sister, Ginko, are ill-clad and shy as deer, but Nubuo befriends them. He brings the pair home, to the delight of his parents, particularly his father, who takes heart from the company of the young.

The mystery of the houseboat, like the emotions that flicker beneath the quiet surface of the tale, is disclosed after a time. The children's mother, recently become the widow of a boatman, has turned to prostitution and plies her trade along the river. Tended by her offspring, she lives secluded in the bow section of the vessel. We glimpse her briefly. She is beautiful and beautifully attired, seems gentle and lost.

The pair from the houseboat become familiars of the restaurant, pitching in when business is brisk. Then one evening on the boat, Kiichi shows Nubuo a secret game. He catches crabs, dips them in kerosene, puts a match to them and laughs at their frenzies. Horrified, Nubuo crawls along the deck to dispatch one of the creatures, and through a window discovers the mother with a client. He dashes home in a state of distress he cannot explain to his parents. Next day the houseboat is towed away and Nubuo runs after it along the shore, hoping in vain to wave goodbye.

By our lights, the children of this narrative are solemn and subdued, being in this respect much like their elders; one must attend closely to catch the play of feelings. But you do become attuned and then these people, young and old, draw close and become important. It is the deftness of the unfolding that does the trick. I also liked that, though the children are at the center of the work, Oguri does not let them upstage their elders, as often happens in Western movies about the very young. The isolation of the woman on the boat becomes dramatically haunting because everyone else in *Muddy River* is warmly responsive to all the others. The picture, one might say, reveals a society in a drop of water.

The Australian director Peter Weir is ambitious and talented, but he has an unhappy knack for rubbing me the wrong way. *Picnic at Hanging Rock* and *The Last Wave* were both promising ideas that petered out into unresolved mistiness. In *Gallipoli*, his eagerness to gain belated recognition of the sacrificial role played by his countrymen in that bloody disaster turned the stupidity of war into a celebration of golden youth cut down in its prime. Now in *The Year of Living Dangerously* (it might better be termed living foolishly) he manipulates one of the most appalling episodes of our era for the benefit of a picturesque melodrama with an amorous happy ending.

Guy Hamilton (Mel Gibson), an Australian journalist, arrives in Jakarta on his first foreign assignment a few weeks before Sukarno is overthrown and the anti-Communist slaughter sweeps over Indonesia. Entirely at sea in this city of impenetrable confusion, he is the butt of a not conspicuously friendly press corps. Billy Kwan comes to his rescue.

Kwan, a half-Australian, half-Chinese dwarf, is a press photographer with access to all the sources of news in Jakarta. He is also bent on managing people of normal stature, and he senses in Hamilton someone whose eyes he can open to the beauty and torment of the Orient. Kwan is played by a woman, Linda Hunt, who dominates the first half of the film, partly by her own strong presence and partly because she has the only role that is not a stock figure of action thrillers. It is also a wildly romantic role, an amalgam of ageless wisdom, physical frailty and profound loneliness that reminded me, somewhat uncomfortably, of E.T.

With the dwarf as guide, Hamilton is soon filing stories that hit the front pages back home. But in addition to giving him leads, Kwan also "gives" him Jill Bryant (Sigourney Weaver), an aide to the military attaché at the British Embassy. At that point, the dwarf loses control of his protégé, and, it seems to me, Weir turns over his picture to Alfred Hitchcock. In the manner of that sly magician, he encloses his handsome lovers in a bubble of invulnerability against which one deadly menace after another beats its fist in vain.

Weir goes to great pains and employs a wealth of resources to recreate the atmosphere of Jakarta in 1965, in which conflicting ideologies and rival ambitions boil for ascendancy. And he provides Billy Kwan to lead us into its mysteries and horrors. But he then settles for a tale of professional enterprise and love triumphant that gives the viewer yet another vicarious dose of high old times in a danger zone. The familiar spectacle of Westerners chasing their private goals against the background of large Eastern conflagrations is patronizing, but otherwise acceptable entertainment—provided, that is, that the background is kept sufficiently flat. But I was lured into thinking that Weir

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intended to hold the agony of Jakarta in sharp focus, using the heroics of his principals for irony. He sets off in that direction, when Kwan has center stage, but when the lovers take over, the Indonesians become convenient agents of suspense in a rousing obstacle race to the airport. It's a splendid show and I admit to enjoying it, but the irony, if any was intended, turned cynical. The script was taken from a novel by C.J. Koch.

The redoubtable Mel Gibson also stars in George Miller's *The Road Warrior*, another Australian film which I reviewed when it first appeared last May. It has now been booked into one of New York City's prestige houses, presumably to profit from the current appetite for violence.

It is a fantasy that speculates on how the human race will conduct itself when the last drops of petroleum are being pumped from the earth. Miller is being praised for his ingenuity and wit. As for the former, the human body is a reasonably frail vessel which can be exploded, dismembered, crushed, burned and shredded in an infinitude of ways, and Miller explores the possibilities for almost two hours without ever, so far as I could see, repeating himself. As for wit, I recall a woman sitting behind me who burst into hearty laughter as each succeeding body was trashed. I found that reaction more revolting than anything shown on the screen. For some films, an R or X rating is insufficient; they should be made to carry a warning from the Surgeon General. □

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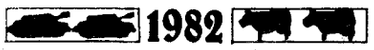

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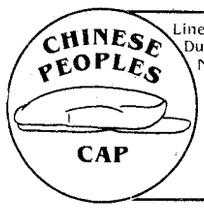

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S	C	H	E	M	E	D	■	M	I	L	L	■	P	■
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O	■	O	■	E	■	U	■	F	■	L	■	S	■	E
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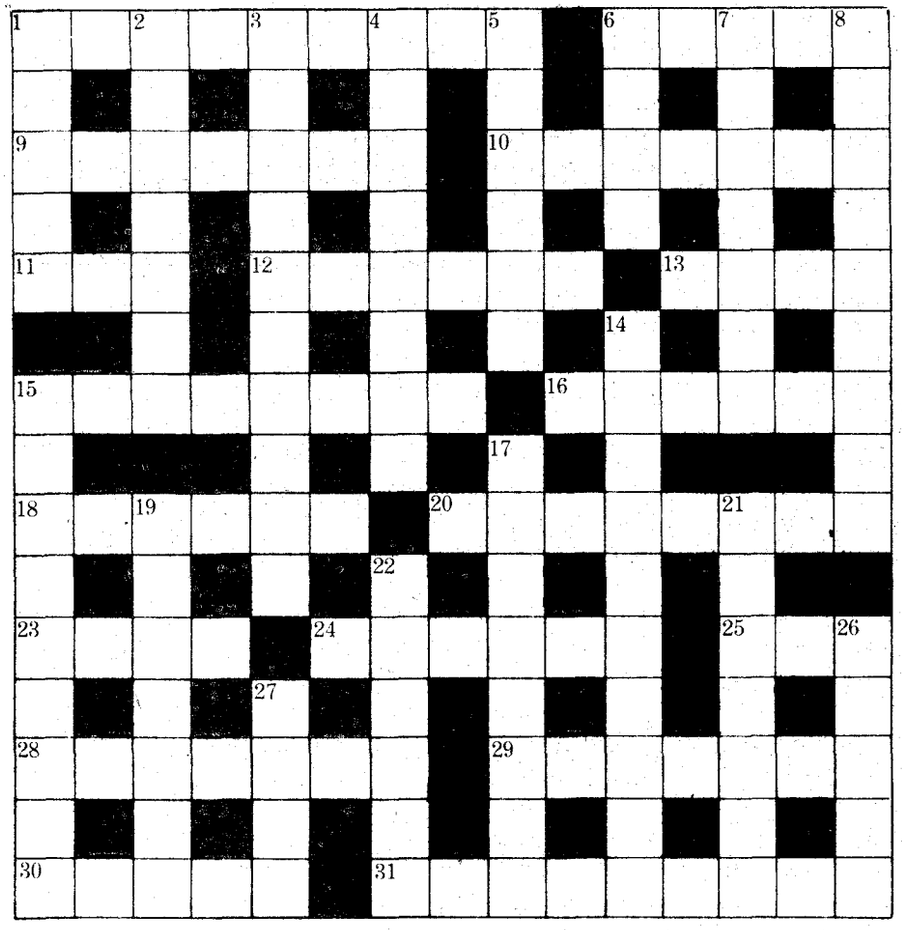

ACROSS

1 and 6 down The air associated with the beginning of fall might be considered pleasant, with slightly melancholic overtones. (9,4)
6 In a sense, you might have one of those things visitors are expected to see. (5)
9 Morning over? It's changed for the better, perhaps. (7)
10 How to make certain to do the company out of something. (7)
11, 12 and 13 Wonderful in 6 down—with a certain magic. (3,6,2,2)
15 The target of McCarthyism, but a body needs them. (3,5)
16 Ain't misbehavin' about the point being repeated—you'd probably not have it if it weren't for the bark! (6)
18 Is Charles's partner not on schedule? She might make eyes this way! (6)
20 Don't be so much of an angel! And such a gown! (8)
23 Boulder is the first one to some, or a mother to others.(4)
24 One might dessert, with a little dog and another animal inside. (4,2)
25 See 1 Down
28 One pin's possibly just enough to get by on, for some. (7)
29 The state of a place where some professionals work on a degree. (7)
30 Almost all automobiles are worn out, as some say. (5)
31 See 15 down

DOWN

1 and 25 across Begin to take a little nourishment—one gets the motor running this way. (6,2)
2 Make believe you get ready in Paris to some purpose. (7)
3 Attributes of mind or body that fit strange women to a T, in extremities. (10)
4 One might with a blinding light. (8)
5 Perhaps a log has to be revolved by those who want to play. (6)
6 See 1 across
7 One very loud happy expression around, but it's only imaginary. (7)
8 What is common to 4 and 12 has a transposed semi-tone about it, there being a number of such in the U.S. (4,5)
14 Half of a plate-cleaning partnership. (4,6)
15 and 31 across Not necessarily what's given the Russian automobile favorite—though some diplomats might expect it. (3,6,9)
17 It might be only a phase, but it's discouraging when things are in it. (3,5)
19 More like the way 14 was around 5 at first, one might become informed. (7)
21 Hurried up, and seen to be in trouble around it. Catch? (7)
22 Around a thousand commonly it's sort of meant to be something very attractive. (6)
26 It may be a false clue to have factory growth alternatively. (5)
27 Sort of what a scout promises to be. (4)

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